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HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

swish of petticoats, a rush of cool with which mingled an indefinable ume, and, like a bird taking mo- tary rest in the passage, she stood d on the threshold. A beautiful an is a tangible enchantment; fame and fortune had made terine Challoner beautiful, ro- bly, daringly, puzzlingly beauti- Her eyes sparkled like stars on d waters, the flame of health and burned in her cheeks, and the t red mobile mouth expressed tions so rapidly and irregularly to bewilder the man who at- ted to follow them. Ah, but she d act; comedy or tragedy, it mat- not; she was always superb. ere was a tableau of short dura-

Her expression was one of gen- nquiry, his was one of interest not ixed with fascination. He felt a touch of compassion, of em- assment. There had been times yonder woman had seemed to him the preference that is only to men who are loved. as the thought came to him, he ed that it was only his man's y that imagined it. As he stared her there came the old thrill; ty is a power tremendous. Dick, you do not say you are glad e me."

Beauty striketh the sage dumb," laughed. "What good fortune s you here tonight? What has ened? How could you find time een the acts to run over?"

am not acting tonight." What?"

No. Nor shall I be tomorrow t nor the thousand nights that follow."

Why, girl!" he cried, pushing out air. He had not seen her for weeks. He had known nothing her movements, save that her ndid talents had saved a play utter ruin. Her declaration was a thunderbolt. "Explain!"

Well, I am tired, Dick; I am !" She sat down, and her gaze d about the familiar room with lled affection for everything she

"The world is empty. I have n to hate the fools who applaud I hate the evil smells which about the theatre. I hate the ture and the man with the s," whimsically.

What has he done to you?"

Nothing, only he makes more than the others. I'm tired. It t a definite reason; but a woman ver obliged to be definite."

No; I never could understand you, when you took the trouble to ain things."

Yes, I know." She drew off her s and rubbed her fingers, which damp and cold.

But, surely, this is only a whim. can't seriously mean to give up stage when the whole world is hing you!"

e did not answer him, but con- ed to rub her fingers. She wore al rings, among which was a ant of unusual luster. Warring- however, had eyes for nothing her face. For the past six ths he had noted a subtle change r, a growing reserve, a thought- ss that was slowly veiling or sub- g her natural gaiety. She now ed him when he suggested one of old romps in queer little res- ants; she professed illness when nt for her to join him in some less junketing. She was slowly ing away from him; no, drifting. he made no real effort to hold And why had he made no real ef- Sometimes he thought he could er this question, and then again new that he could not. Ah, if he loved her! What a helpmeet; rful, resourceful, full of good hu- and practical philosophy; a bril- wit, with all the finished graces goddess. Ah, if indeed he only her! This thought kept run- through his mind persistently; d done so for days; but it had s led him back to the starting Love is not always reasoning itself. Perhaps — and the ght filled him with regret—per- he was indeed incapable of lov- anyone as his poet's fancy be- he ought to love. And this may nt for the truth of the state- that genius is rarely successful ve; the ideal is so high that it of the reach of life as we, s or clod, live it.

n't this determination rather se?" he asked, when the pause insupportable.

have been thinking of it for time," she replied, smiling. A an always finds herself at ease such crises. "Only I hadn't made up my mind. You were ork?" glancing at the desk.

s, but I'm through for the night. only a scenario, and I am not en- satisfied with it."

walked over to the desk and up a sheet at random. She a privileged person in these s. Warrington never had any us dread when she touched his uscript.

ow is it going to end?" she d.

h, they are going to marry and appy ever after," he answered, ng.

h, then they are never going to any children?" she said, with a of her old-time mischief.

ill you have a cigaret?" light- me and offering her the box.

o, I have a horror of cigarets that last play. To smoke in every night, perforce, took the charm. I hated that part. dventuress! It was altogether ose to the quick; for I am noth- more or less than an adventuress has been successful. Why, the method I used to make your ac- tance—years and years ago, t it?—proved the spirit. 'We two kinds of people,'" she read, g up another page of manuscript; people we wrong and the peo- who wrong us. Only, the hate for we have wronged is most en- g.' That isn't half bad, Dick. do you think of all these things?" crossed over to the window to her hot face. She, too, heard the of the night; not as the poet them but as one in pain. "He loved me!" she murmured, so that even the sparrows in the heard her not. And bitter indeed the pain. But of what use to gle, or to sigh, or vainly to re- As things are written, so must be read. She readily held him ess; what she regretted most y was the lack of power to have and to hold him. Long before, had realized the hopelessness of Knowing that he drank from up of dissipation, she had even t to hold him in contempt; but r he had never ceased to be a gentleman, tender, manly and kind. It is contempt that casts the first spadeful in the grave of love.

"Come, girl," he said, going to her side; "you have something to tell me. What is it?"

She turned to find his hand out- stretched and a friendly look in his eyes. Impulsively she gave him both her hands. He bowed over them with the grave air of the days of powdered wigs. There was not a particle of irony in the movement; rather it was a quiet acknowledgement that he recollected the good influence she had at times worked upon him in some dark days. As he brushed her fingers with his lips, he saw. His head came up quickly.

"Ah!"

"Yes." Her voice was steady and her eyes were brave.

He drew her to the lamp and stud- led the ring. The ruddy lights dartled as he slowly turned the jewel around.

"It is a beauty. No one but a rich man could have given a ring like that. And on your finger it means but one thing."

"I am to be married in June."

"Do you love him?"

"I respect him; he is noble and good and kind."

Warrington did not press the ques- tion. He still retained the hand, though he no longer gazed at the ring.

"I have always wanted a home. The stage never really fascinated me; it was bread and butter."

"Is it necessary to marry in order to have a home?" he asked quietly, letting the hand gently slip from his. "You are wealthy, after a fashion; could you not build a home of your own?"

"Always to be identified as the actress? To be looked at curiously, to be annoyed by those who are not my equals, and only tolerated by those who are? No! I want a man who will protect me from all these things, who will help me to forget some needless follies and the memory that a hundred different men have made play-love to me on the other side of the footlights."

"Some men marry actresses to grat- ify their vanity; does this man love you?"

"Yes; and he will make me what Heaven intended I should be—a woman. Oh, I have uttered no de- ceit. This man will take me for what I am."

"And you have come here tonight to ask me to forget, too?" There was no bitterness in his tone, but there was a strong leaven of regret. "Well, I promise to forget."

"It was not necessary to ask you that," generously. "But I thought I would come to you and tell you everything. I did not wish you to misjudge me. For the world will say that I am marrying this good man for his money; whereas, if he was a man of the most moderate circum- stances, I should still marry him."

"And who might this lucky man be? To win a woman, such as I know you to be, this man must have some extraordinary attributes." And all at once a sense of infinite relief entered into his heart; if she were indeed married, there would no lon- ger be that tantalizing doubt on his part, that peculiar attraction which at one time resembled love and at an- other time was simply fascination. She would pass out of his life definite- ly. He perfectly recognized the fact that he admired her above all other women he knew; but it was also ap- parent that to see her day by day, year by year his partner in the commonplaces as well as in the heights, romance would become threadbare quickly enough. "Who is he?" he repeated.

"That I prefer not to disclose to you just yet. What are you going to call your new play?" with a wave of her hand toward the manuscript.

"I had intended to call it Love and Money, but the very name presages failure."

"Yes, it needs the cement of com- patibility to keep the two together."

"Well, from my heart I wish you all the best luck in the world," he said, the absence of any mental reser- vation in his eyes. "You would make any man a good wife. If I weren't a born fool—"

She leaned toward him, her face suddenly tense and eager.

—"if I weren't a born fool," with a smile that was whimsical, "I'd have married you myself, long ago. But fate has cut me out for a bachelor." He knocked the ash from a cold pipe, filled and lighted it. "By the way," he said, " I received a curious letter to- day." Its production would relieve the awkwardness of the moment. "Would you like to see it?" opening the drawer and handing the letter to her. "It's one of the few letters of the sort I'm going to keep."

She accepted the letter, but without any spirit of interest. For a moment a thought had all but swept her off her feet; yet she realized instantly that this thought was futile. Warrington did not love her; and there was noth- ing to do but to follow out the course she had planned. She had come to him that night with a single purpose in mind: to plumb the very heart of this man who was an enigma to every woman he met. She had plumbed it. Warrington loved nobody but War- rington and pleasure. Oh, he was ca- pable of the grand passion, she very well knew, but the woman to arouse it had not yet crossed his path.

"What do you think of it?" he asked

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

She came closer to the lamp. It was only pretense, but Warrington was not aware of it. She had stared at the sheet, reading only her miserable thoughts. Presently she smiled; the girlish exuberance amused her.

"She has put you quite out of reach. What a fine thing it must be to have such faith in any man!"

"And I'm not worth in her esteem an ounce to the pound." He was quite frank with himself. "I would to heaven I were!"

"And this is the kind of woman that you will fall violently in love with, some day, Dick. It will be your pun- ishment." She had fully recovered by now, and the old-time raillery was in the ascendant. "Oh, she has read you fairly well. You are good and kind and wise, but these virtues are not of equal weight. Your goodness and wis- dom will never catch up with your abundant kindness. I've a good deal to thank you for, Dick; a good deal."

"Nonsense! The shoe is on the other foot. You have made half my plays what they are today." He rang and ordered some coffee.

She dropped into his desk-chair and propped her chin in her palms, view- ing him through half-closed, specula- tive eyes.

"We've had some jolly larks togeth- er," he said. "I shall miss you; how much I shall know only when you are gone. Is he good-looking?"

"Very. He is tall and straight, with a manly face, fine eyes, and a good nose. You know that I'm always par- ticular about a man's nose."

"And young, of course?" not without some feeling of jealousy.

"And young."

"Tell me about him," drawing up a chair and facing her.

"He is a lucky chap," he summed up when she had done.

"That remains to be seen," lightly. "I may prove the worst wife possible. Perhaps, when I have burned my bridges, I shall be mad for the very publicity I'm trying to escape. Wo- men are like extinct volcanoes; they are most to be dreaded when written perfectly harmless."

Warrington shook his head and laughed. Here the coffee came in. He dismissed his man, and poured the nectar himself.

"You are the one man I know who never asks to sweeten my coffee," she observed.

"And yet I had to learn. You haven't taught this other fellow yet, I see. Is he warranted housebroken, or will he have to be chained?"

"He will not have to be chained; and a man who is a recluse seldom has to be broken in."

"A recluse? What's his hobby; but- terflies, stones, stamps or coins?—No, girl; I don't mean that. I'm a little heavy tonight. Do you recollect the night you donned a suit of mine, bun- dled your hair under a felt hat, and visited the studios? What a romp! Not a soul ever found out who you were; and if I hadn't been in the secret, I shouldn't have known, either. I shall never forget how funny Dolman looked when he started a certain popular story of his and you shut him up. 'Gentlemen,5 you said, 'neither listen to nor repeat that kind of story in the presence of ladies.' 'Ladies?' cried Dolman. 'I see no ladies.' 'But there are gentlemen,' you added quickly. Later, Dolman advised me not to bring any more of my Sun- day school friends to his studio."

The woman smiled, but the smile was only on the lips. All those happy frolics were to be no more. Heigh- ho. Over the mantel there were sever- al photographs of herself. Like all celebrities of the kind, the camera was a constant source of amusement. It was not necessarily vanity. The rose it not vain, yet it repeats its singular beauty as often as the sea- sons permit it. Across these pictures she had scrawled numerous signa- tures, "Kate" and "Kit" and "Kitty" and "Katherine Challoner," with here and there a phrase in French and Italian.

"You wouldn't return those under any circumstances?"

"No, indeed! That's all I'll have. And, besides, you wouldn't ask me to give them up?"

Her answer remained unspoken. The valet appeared deferentially.

Well?" said Warrington.

"A gentleman to see you, sir. He said he wouldn't need any card. Mr. John Bennington, sir."

"John Bennington!" Warrington sprang from his chair, his face joyous. "Old John here tonight! Finest chap on earth, Kate; my room-mate at college, and the only chap in my town who was my friend when I was a no- body. Old John * * * "

"Richard, you must hide me quick- ly. I mustn't be seen here. There is no way of passing him in the hall."

"Good Lord!" He did not notice her pallor. "The butler's pantry," he said hastily.

She slipped out of sight noiselessly. Presently she heard sounds, men's voices, a hearty greeting, and for a moment the world seemed gliding from under her feet. Her gloves! She had forgotten her gloves!

CHAPTER III.

Men have a way of greeting which is all their own. It is unlike the kiss and flutter of women, which may sig- nify frankness or deceit, generosity or selfishness, some favor to gain, some treachery to forestall. Men's likes and dislikes are generally visible. The dog wags his tail, or he warns you away with a growl; there is no mistaking his attitude. On the other hand, the cat purrs and rubs against your leg, and when you reach down to smooth her, as likely as not she gives you a dig for your pains. True, there are always exceptions to this rule.

With their hands on each other's shoulders, at arm's length they stood, a likely pair to look at, smiling frank- ly and joyfully into each other's eyes. When it is without self-interest, friend- ship between man and man is a fine and noble thing. It is known best in the stress of storms, in the hour of sorrow and adversity. Friendship, to be perfect, must be without any sense of obligation, for obligation implies that one or the other is in debt, and the debtor is always wondering when he will have to pay. Between these two men only the slightest favors had been exchanged. They had grown up together, one the son of a rich steel mill owner, the other the son of a poor farmer. The one had entered college to the sounding of golden cymbals, the other had marched in with noth- ing but courage in his pocket. It is impossible to describe how these great friendships come about; generally they begin with some insignificant trifle, soon forgotten. Warrington had licked Bennington in the boyhood days; why, I doubt that the Recording Angel him- self remembers. So the friendship be- gan with secret admiration on one side and good-natured toleration on the other. One day Warrington broke a colt for Bennington, and later Ben- nington found a passably good market for Warrington's vegetables. Friend- ship, like constancy, finds strange niches. The Bennington family were not very cordial to the young vegeta- ble grower. On the mother's side there was a long line of military ancestors. It is impossible that a cabbage and a uniform should cohere. Warring- ton's great grandsire had won honors in the Revolution, but as this fact did not make cabbages grow any faster he kept the faded glory to himself.

In college the two lads were as in- separable as La Mole and Coconnas; they played on the same teams, rowed on the same crews and danced with the same girls. The only material difference in their respective talents lay in one thing: Bennington could not write a respectable rhyme, and I'm not sure that he wasn't proud of it. It distinguished him from the other members of the class. As for Warrington, there wasn't a pretty girl in the whole college town who couldn't boast of one or more of his impassioned stanzas. And you may be sure that when Warrington be- came talked about these self-same halting verses were dug up from the garret and hung in sundry parlors.

Bennington was handsome, and, but for his father's blood, the idle- ness of his forebears would have marked him with effeminateness. His head, his face, the shape of his hands and feet, these proclaimed the aristo- crat. It was only in the eyes and the broad shoulders that you recog- nized the iron-monger's breed. His eyes were as blue as his own hammer- ed steel; but, like the eyes of the eagle at peace, they were mild and dreamy and deceptive to casual in- spection. In the shops the men knew all about those eyes and shoulders. They had been fooled once, but only once. They had felt the iron in the velvet.

"I'm mighty glad to see you, boy," said Warrington, dropping his arms. "You haven't changed a bit."

"Nor you, Dick; if anything you look younger."

"How many years is it, John?"

"Six or seven; not very long."

"Time never seems long to a man who never has to wait for anything. I have had to reckon time with hours full of suspense, and those hours have aged me; perhaps not outwardly, but all the same, I'm an old man, John."

"Nonsense!"

"When did you cross?"

"About a year ago, when father died. I had given up the English end of the concern two years before, and was just wandering about the continent. I was dreadfully disap- pointed when I learned that you had visited the shops in ninety-eight. That summer I was in Switzerland. I had no idea there was going to be war, and never saw a newspaper till it was nearly over. I should have en- listed. And another year we passed within two days of each other."

"No!" Bennington exclaimed.

"Yes. It was in Italy, at Sorren- to, that I learned of your nearness. You were off for Amalfi and I had just come from there. For three days I ran across your name in the hotel registers. I tried to find your perma- nent address, but failed. Cook's nor the bankers in Naples knew anything about you. I tell you what, it was discouraging."

"What luck! I was having all my mail sent directly to Mentone, where I spent the winter. Say, what do you think?"

"About what?"

"Won five thousand at Monte Carlo in one play."

"Pounds?" exclaimed Bennington.

"Lord, no!—dollars."

"Ah! But of course you went back and lost it?" ironically.

"On the contrary, I've never staked a dollar since. Gambling was never a habit of mine, though I dare say the moral side of the subject would not have held me back. Simply, I know that the gambler always loses, and the banker always wins, in the end. Common sense told me to quit, and I did. I brought my letter of credit home practically intact."

"You used to play poker," du- biously.

"Poker isn't gambling. It's surrep- titiously lending money to your friends."

"You were always good at defini- tions," sighed Bennington.

"I understand you've sold your holdings in the English shops?"

"Yes. I was weary of the people and what they called their conserva- tism, which is only a phase of stu- pidity. And then, besides, I loved my old home up there. I've been living there about a year now."

"It's a pity you couldn't have look- ed me up before this," Warrington complained.

Bennington only laughed affection- ately.

"Take a look around the room while I get the whisky and soda."

"Don't bother, Dick."

"Boy, I licked you once, and I'll do it again if you don't sit down. A lit- tle extra attention won't hurt; and I'll guarantee the whisky." Waving his arms toward all the desirable things in the room, he vanished beyond the curtain.

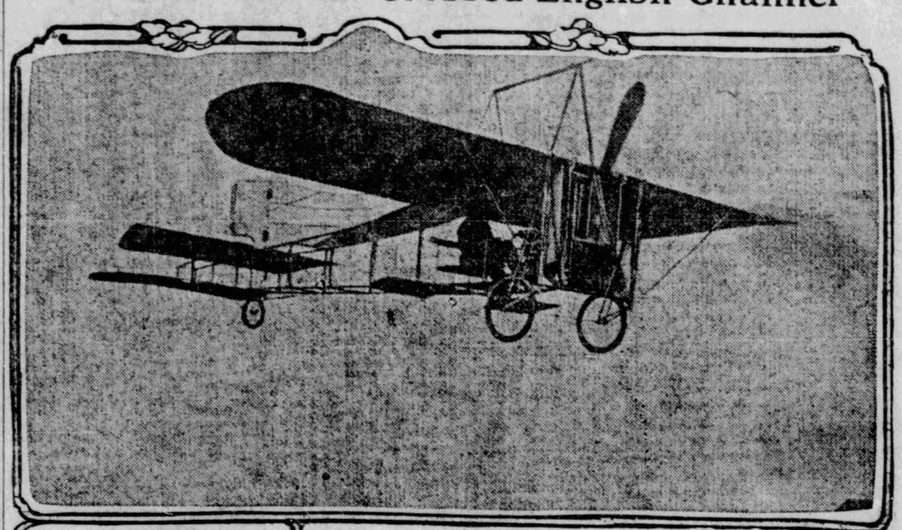
(To Be Continued.)

Hard to Please.

The pessimist in springtime
Maintains his jaundiced view.
The berry cake
He calls a fake,
Because of berries few.

The pessimist in spring time
Is very quick to blame;
Emits a scream
About the team
Because they lose a game.
—Kansas City Journal.

Machine That Crossed English Channel



Bleriot's monoplane in action, from a photograph taken while the ma- chine was in flight from Etampes to Chevily, France, July 14, when the machine covered 25 miles in 43 minutes, including one stop of 13 minutes. Below is a picture of the daring aviator, as he appears seated at the steering wheel of his machine. Bleriot's recent flight from Calais, France, to Dover, England, has created great enthusiasm among aeronauts all over the world.

TELEGRAPH POLES ARE DAMAGED BY WOODPECKERS

Considerable damage is being done to telephone, telegraph and electric light poles by members of the wood- pecker family. These birds originally built their homes in the dead or dying trunks or limbs of trees, but for some reason best known to themselves, have come to the conclusion that the peeled pole offers better conditions for a home.

They have become so ravenous of late that their depredations are at- tracting considerable attention among those who are compelled to use quan- tities of wooden poles. Their activ- ities spread over a wide portion of the United States, notably in the south, southwest and central west. Cedar poles seem to be the ones most fre- quently attacked. The birds bore into them at any height from the ground, and the holes which they make are often two or three inches in diameter and four or five inches deep. Such an amount of wood drilled from a stick of timber which is carrying a load of wires naturally weakens the strength of the line.

It would, of course, not be a diffi- cult matter to exterminate these birds. However, this is not desirable, as they are among the most beneficial forms of bird life native to this country, be- cause they destroy large numbers of insects which seriously damage forest and food crops. It seems, therefore, that methods should be undertaken to compel the birds to revert to their former habit of boring rather than to exterminate them.

Frequent inquiries have been made by the forest service in this connec- tion, but the only information to date which the government has been able to obtain is that on a casual inspec- tion of treated and untreated pole lines in Louisiana. In that region it was found that poles which had been impregnated with creosote oil were not attacked by the birds, whereas untreated poles under the same condi- tions were very severely injured.

Whether or not creosote will pre- vent such attacks is not definitely known, but the service is investigating this problem, and should this oil prove a preventative, it will fulfill a two-fold purpose: It will protect the poles from decay and destruction from ani- male life. In southern Indiana some members of a traction company thought that they could prevent fur- ther destruction of their poles by fill- ing the holes in the wood with stones. The birds, however, simply drilled around the stones and made the con- ditions much worse. This apparently does not seem to be a means of pre- venting their depredations.

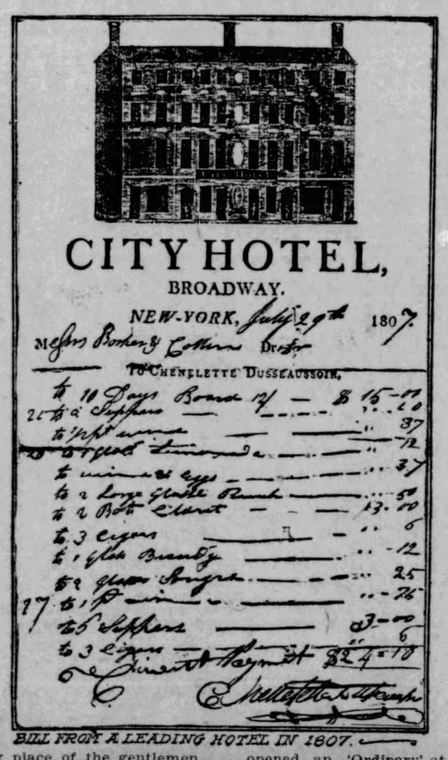
In An Old New York Hotel

This famous old hostelry was preceded by The Prov- ince Arms, or City Arms, where, according to Eliza- abeth Brown Cutting, in "Old Taverns and Posting Inns," "in January, 1770, a sacred oratorio or concert of music was given, the tick- ets for which were eight shillings. It was the favorite meeting place of different societies, St. Andrew's and the like, and the governors of King's college found that educational problems could be solved more successfully in its genial atmosphere than elsewhere.

"Burns, after seven years' tenure of this famous house of entertainment, was suc- ceeded in 1770 by Bolton, for some time host at the Queen's Head, the famous Fraunces' Tavern, and he, in turn, was shortly succeeded by Hull, who had the honor of enter- taining John Adams and his friends on their way to Phil- adelphia. In 1777 a duel was fought at the Province Arms, or City Arms, between Captain Tollemache, of his majesty's ship Zebra, just ar- rived, and Captain Pennington, of the Coldstream Guards, one of the passen- gers on the same ship. Cap- tain Pennington had written a sonnet which Captain Tol- lemache unfortunately fan- cied reflected on the sup- posed wit of his lady; swords were the weapons, and a few days afterward Captain Tol- lemache was interred in Trinity churchyard. From now on host succeeds host in rapid succession. During Cape's proprietorship the tavern was a favorite meeting place of the gentlemen subscribers to the dancing assembly, who met there to discuss plans and to make ar- rangements for this amuse- ment, which was to be the feature of the winter of 1783. It was not until 1792 that the Province Arms property passed out of De Lancey own- ership; then Peter De Lan- cey sold it to the Tontine Association, who tore down the famous old mansion and in its place erected the City hotel, which acquired a rep- utation in the early part of this century as great as that of its predecessor. On the Boreel building, which now covers the site of this historic tavern, is a commemorative tablet, placed there in 1890 by the Holland society.

"Another tavern which had the prestige of De Lan- cey ownership before it be- came a public house was Fraunces' Tavern, still stand- ing on the southeast corner of Broad and Pearl streets. The firm of De Lancey, Rob- inson & Co. used this house as a store from 1757 to 1761, when the partnership was dissolved. In January, 1762, the property passed into the hands of Samuel Fraunces, known to history as 'Black Sam,' and the steward of President Washington's household after his inaugura- tion. Fraunces swung out a sign with the device of the head of Queen Charlotte, and the tavern was known as the Queen's Head. From then till now the building has al- ways been used as a public house, with, however, vary- ing degrees of excellence, and in later years with none of its early distinction.

"In April, 1763, Fraunces announced that he had opened an 'Ordinary' at the Queen's Head, and dinner was to be served every day at half-past one."



CITY HOTEL,
BROADWAY.
NEW-YORK, July 29th 1807
Messrs Broberg & Cotheu Dr.
TO CHENELETTE DUSSEAUSSOIN,
To 10 Days Board @ — $ 15-00
25 lbs Sugar @ — " 2-50
To Mut. wine @ — " 3-75
To Breakfast dinner @ — " 7-50
To wine @ — " 3-75
To 2 large bottle Rum @ — " 5-00
To 2 Bottle Claret @ — " 13-00
To 3 Cigars @ — " 0-75
To 1 Glass Brandy @ — " 0-12
To 5 Glass Segars @ — " 2-50
To 1 Pint @ — " 0-25
To 25 Suppers @ — " 3-00
To 3 Cigars @ — " 0-75
Recd Payment $ 82.45-100
Chenelette Dusseausoin

BILL FROM A LEADING HOTEL IN 1807.

The Wild Geese

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

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CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Uncle Ulick uttered a cry of hor- ror. "You have killed him!"

"His blood——"

She stopped on the word, for in- stead of falling Colonel John was re- gaining his balance. "Flavia!" he cried—the blade had passed through his coat, missing his breast by a bare half inch"Flavia! Hold! Listen! Lis- ten a moment!"

But in a frenzy of rage, as soon as she saw that her blow had failed, she struck at him with the hilt and the ragged blade that remained— struck at his face, struck at his breast, with cries of fury almost ani- mal. "Wretch! Wretch!" she cried. "Die! If they are cowards I am not! Die!"

The scene was atrocious and Uncle Ulick, staring open mouthed, gave no help. But Colonel Sullivan mastered her wrists though not until he had sustained a long, bleeding cut on the jaw. Even then, though fettered, and though he had forced her to drop the weapon, she struggled desperately with him—as she had strugeled when he carried her through the mist. "Kill him! Kill him!" she shrieked. "Help! help!"

The men would have killed him twice and thrice if The McMurrough with voice and blade and frantic im- precations and the interposition of his own body, had not kept the O'Beirnes and the others at bay—explaining, deprecating, praying, cursing, all in a breath. Twice a blow was struck at the colonel through the doorway, but one fell short and the other James McMurrough parried. For a moment the peril was of the greatest. The girl's cries, the sight of her struggling in Colonel John's grip wrought the men almost beyond James' holding. Then the strength went out of her suddenly she ceased to fight, and but for Colonel Sullivan's grasp she would have fallen her length on the floor.

He knew she was harmless then and he thrust her into the nearest chair. He kicked the broken sword under the table, stanched the blood that trickled fast from his cheek; last of all he looked at the men who were contending with James in the door- way.

"Getlemen," he said, breathing a little quickly, but in no other way be- traying the strain through which he had passed, "I shall not run away. I shall be here to answer you tomorrow as fully as today. In the meantime I beg to suggest"—again he raised the handkerchief to his cheek and stanched the blood—"that you retire now and hear what The McMurrough has to say to you—the more as the cases and the arms I see in the court- yard lie obnoxious to discovery and expose all to risk while they remain so."

His surprising coolness did more to check them than The McMurrough's efforts. They gaped at him in wonder. Then one uttered an imprecation.

"The McMurrough will explain, if you will go with him," Colonel John answered, patiently. "I say again, gentlemen, I shall not run away."

"If you mean her any harm——"

"I mean her no harm."

"Are you alone?"

"I am alone."

So far Morty. But Phelim O'Beirne was not quite satisfied. "If a hair of her head be hurt——" he growled, pushing himself forward. "I tell you, sir——"

"And I tell you!" James McMur- rough retorted, repelling him. "What are the hairs of her head to you, Phelim O'Beirne? Am I not him that's her brother? A truce to your pra- ting, curse you, and be coming with me. I understand him, and that is enough."

"But his reverence——"

"His reverence is as safe as you or me!" James retorted. "If it were not so, are you thinking I'd be here? Fie on you!" he went on, pushing Phelim through the door; "you are good at the talking now, when it's little good it will be doing. But where were you this morning when a good blow might have saved all?"

"Could he be helping it, when——"

The voices passed away, still wrang- ling across the court yard. Uncle Ulick stepped to the door and closed it. Then he turned and spoke his mind.

"You were wrong to come back, John Sullivan," he said, the hardness of his tone bearing witness to his horror of what had happened. "It is no thanks to you that your blood is not on the girl's hands, and the floor of your grandfather's house! You're a bold man, I allow. But the fox made too free with the window at last, and, take my word for it, there are a score of men, whose hands are surer than this child's, who will not rest till they have had your life! Be bid, and go, then. Be bid, and go while the breath is firm in you!"

Colonel John did not speak for a moment, and when he did answer it was with a severity that overbore Ulick's anger. "If the breath be firm in those whom you, Ulick Sullivan," he said, "and your fellows would have duped, it is enough for me! For my- self, whom should I fear? The plot- ters whose childish plans were not proof against the simplest stratagem? The conspirators"—his tone grew more cutting in its scorn—"who took it in hand to pull down a throne and were routed by a sergeant's guard? The poor puppets who played at a game too high for them and danced to oth- ers' pipings? Shall I fear them," he continued, the tail of his eye on the girl, who, sitting low in her chair, whither involuntarily under his words— "poor tools, poor creatures, only a lit- tle less ignorant, only a little more guilty than the clods they would have led to the crows or the hangman? Is it these I am to flee from? Ulick Sul- livan? I am not the man to flee from shadows!"

His tone, his manner, which was in- tended to open the girl's eyes, but did, in fact, increase her resentment—hurt even Uncle Ulick's pride. "Whisht, man," he said, bitterly. "It's plain you're thinking you're master here!"

"I am," Colonel John replied stern- ly. "I am, and I intend to be. Nor a day too soon! Where all are children, there is need of a master! And for my cousin, let her hear the truth for once! Let her know what men who have seen the world think of visions, from which she would have awakened in a dungeon, and her fel- low dupes under the gibbet! A great rising for a great cause, if it be real, man, if it be earnest, if it be based on forethought, heavens knows I hold it a fine thing, and a high thing! But the rising of a child with a bladder against an armed man, a rising that can ruin but cannot help, I know not whether to call it more silly or more wicked! Man, the devil does his choicest work through fools, not rogues! And, for certain, he never found fitter instruments than at Mor- ristown yesterday.

"What! Spare her the truth?"

Uncle Ulick swore impatiently. "We may be fools," he growled. "Yet spare the girl! Spare the girl!"

"All! Everything!" Uncle Ulick cried, with unusual heat. "Cannot you see that she at least meant well!"

"Such do the most ill," Colonel John retorted, with sentention severity. "God forgive them—and her!" He paused for a moment, and then, in a lighter tone he continued, "as I do. Only there must be an end of this fool- lishness. The two men who had rea- son in their wrongdoings are beyond seas. The McMorrough is not so mad as to act without them. He"—with a faint smile—"is not implacable. You, Ulick, are not of the stuff of whom martyrs are made. But the two young men outside"—he paused as if he re- flected—"they and three or four oth- ers are—what my cousin now listen- ing to me makes them. They are tow, if the flame be brought near them. And therefore—and therefore," he re- peated still more slowly, "I have spoken the truth and plainly. To this purpose, that there may be an end."

Flavia had sat at first with closed eyes, in a state next door to collapse, her head inclined, her arms drooping, as if at any moment she might sink to the floor. But in the course of his speaking a change had come over her. The last heavings of the storm, phy- sical and mental, still shook her. But the indomitable youth in her and the spirit which she had inherited from some dead forefather, were not to be long gainsaid. Slowly, as she listened, her color had returned, her face grown more firm, her form more stiff. In truth, Colonel John had adopted the wrong course with her. He had been hard—knowing men better than women—when he should have been mild; he had browbeaten where he should have forgiven. And so, at his last declaration, "There must be an end," she rose to her feet and spoke. And speaking, she showed that neither the failure of her at- tempt on him, nor the bodily struggle with him, horribly as it humiliated her in the remembrance, had quelled her courage.

"An end!" she said, in a voice vi- brating with emotion. "Yes, but it will be an end for you! Children, are we? Better that than be so old be- fore our time, so cold of heart and cunning of head that there is naught real for us but that we touch and see, nothing high for us but that our words will be measuring, nothing worth risk but that we are safe to gain! Children, are we?" she con- tinued, with deep passion. "But at least we believe! At least we own something higher than ourselves—a God, a cause, a country! At least we have not bartered all—all three and honor for a pittance of pay, fighting alike for right or wrong, betraying alike the right and wrong! Children? May be! But, God be thanked, we are warm, the blood runs in us——"

"Flavia!"

"I say the blood runs in us!" she repeated. "And if we are foolish, are wiser yet than one"—she looked at him with a strange steadfastness— "who, in his wisdom, thinks that he can walk our Irish soil unharmed, or one go back and forth in safety who has ruined and shamed us! You have escaped my hand! But I know that all your boasted wisdom will not lengthen your life till the moon wanes!"

He had tried to interrupt her once— eagerly, vividly, as one who would defend himself. He answered her now after another fashion; perhaps he had learned his lesson. "If God wills," he said simply, "it will be as you say. And the road will lie open to you. Only while I live, Flavia, whether I love this Irish soil or not, or my coun- try, or my honor, the storm shall not break here, not the house fall from which we spring!"

"While you live," she repeated, with a dreadful smile. "I tell you, I tell you," and she extended her hand to- ward him, "the winding sheet is high upon your breast, and the salt dried that shall lie upon your heart."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Marplot.

If, after that, Colonel Sullivan's life had depended on his courage or the vigilance of his servant, it is certain that Flavia's prophecy would have been quickly fulfilled. The part which he had played in the events at the Carraghalin was known to few; but the hundred tongues of rumor were abroad, carrying as many versions, and in all he was the marplot. His traffic with the Old Fox had spirited away the holy father and swept off, also, probably on a broomstick, the doughty champion whose sole desire it was to lead the hosts of Ireland to victory.

The logical consequence was certain. That the man who had these things on his black heretic conscience should continue to haunt the scene of his crimes and lord it over those whom his misdeeds had sullied was to the common mind unthinkable. To every potato setter who out or the corner of his eye watched his passage, to every beggar by the road this was plain and known and the man already as the dead. If the cotters by the lakeside were not men enough, was there not

FLEA TRAINING CONFINED TO ONE FAMILY

Many years ago the Flea circus was the talk of Europe and America. Writers great and small devoted much space to discussing this unique and amazing form of entertainment, and it will be remembered that Mark Twain, in his Tramp Abroad, told of having seen such a show in Ger- many.

It is a singular fact that in all these years flea training has been confined to one family, and the third of the line, Professor John Ruhl, will be at The Plaza during the King Wamba Carnival, with no less than 900 of these trained insects.

John Ruhl, grandfather of the Ruhl just referred to, was the first to master the secret of harnessing a flea and controlling his movements. He used horse hair for a collar. Charles, his son, learned the art, and now John Ruhl has been able to work out a gold collar and chain, with which he holds the insects to their work.

A flea, says the professor, can pull five thousand times its own weight, and is therefore proportionately the strongest living thing. He claims that it takes one about a year to stop them from jumping away, and that he has one pair, Max and Philip, that are several times that age. Each one, when it has become tractable, is taught a different act. Some never get beyond the art of tightrope walk- ing, while others pull tiny wagons, cannon and other wheeled objects, using gold collars and traces. One flea rolls an ivory ball, many times its own weight, and pitches it several inches away from a pole which it climbs. There are also dancing fleas, which wear paper dresses, and pirouette on a box lid.

Professor Ruhl has a flea hospital and hotel in which he keeps disabled fleas and beginners. Every morning the fleas are given their breakfast from the arm of their trainer, which takes about two hours. He does not mind the bites of the insects, as his system has become immune to them.

Roaring Andy's band in the hills, who would cut any man's throat for a silver doubloon and a heretic's for the "trate it would be, and sorra a bit of pay at all, the good men."

Beyond doubt the Colonel's nerve, which enabled him to take his place as if nothing threatened him, went for something, and for something the sinister prestige which the disapeparance of O'Sullivan Og and his whole party cast about him. The means by which the two prisoners, in face of odds so great, had destroyed their captors were still a secret; but the Irish are ever open to superstitious beliefs, and the man who poured death, as it were, from a horn, went his way shrouded in a gloomy fame that might provoke the bold, but kept the timid at bay.

Before night it was known that the Colonel might be shot from behind with a silver bullet, or stabbed, if a man were bold enough, with a cross-handled knife, blessed and sprinkled. But woe to him whose aim proved faulty or his hand uncertain!

But this reputation alone, seeing that reckless spirits were not wanting, would have availed him little if the protection of The McMurrough had not been cast over him. Why it was cast over him men scarcely dared to guess. It was a dark thing into which it were ill to peer too closely. But the fact was certain that the anxiety of the young man that the Colonel might meet with no hurt was plain and notorious, a thing observed stealthily and with wonder.

Did Colonel John saunter across the court to look at the lake? The McMurrough was at his shoulder in a twinkling, and thence, with a haggard eye, searched the furze-bush for the glint of a gun barrel and the angle of the wall for a lurking foe. It was the same if the Colonel fared as far as the ruined tower, or stretched his legs on the road by the shore. The McMurrough could not be too near him, walked with his hand on his arm, cast from time to time vigilant looks to the rear. A score of times between rising and sleeping Colonel John smiled at the care that forewent his steps and covered his retreat; nor perhaps had the contempt in which he held James McMurrough ever reached a higher pitch than while he thus stood from hour to hour indebted to that young man for his life.

What Uncle Ulick, if he held the key to the matter, thought of it, did not appear; nor was Colonel John overcurious to know. But what Flavia thought of the position was a point which aroused his most lively curiosity. He gave her credit for feeling so deep and for a nature so downright that time-serving or paltering were the last faults he looked to find in her. He could hardly believe that she would consent to sit at meat with him after what had happened; and possibly—for men are strange, and the motives of the best are mixed—a desire to see how she would bear herself in the circumstances had had something to do with the course he was taking.

That she consented to the plan was soon made clear. She even took part in it. James could not be always at his elbow. The young man must sometimes retire. When this happened the girl took her brother's place, stooped to dog the Colonel's footsteps, and for a day or two cast the mantle of her presence over the man she hated.

But stoop as she might, she never for a moment stooped to mask her hate. In her incomings and her outgoings, in her risings-up and at table with him, every movement of her body, the carriage of her head, the glance of her eye, showed that she despised him; that she who now suffered him was the same woman who had struck at his life, and failing, repented only the failure.

For her brother's sake she was willing to do this, though she abhorred it and though every time that she broke bread with the intruder, met his eyes or breathed the air that he breathed, she told herself that it was intolerable, that it must end.

Once or twice, feeling the humiliation more than she could bear, she declared to her brother that the man must go. "Let him go!" she cried, in uncontrollable excitement. "Let him go!"

"But he will not be going, Flavvy."

"He must go!" she replied.

"And Morristown his?" James would answer. "Ye are forgetting! Over and above that, he's not one to do my bidding, nor yours!"

That was true. He would not go; he persisted in remaining and being master. But it was not there the difficulty lay. If he had not made a will before he came—a will that doubtless set the property of the family forever beyond James' reach—the thing had been simple and Colonel John's shrift had been short. But now, to rid the earth of him was to place the power in the hands of a stranger, an alien, for whom the ties of family and honor would have no stringency. True, the law was weak in Kerry. A writ was one thing and possession another.

A bold man might keep the forces of law at bay for a time; but James McMurrough, notwithstanding the folly into which he had been led, was no desperado. He had no desire to live with a rope round his neck, to flee to the bog on the least alarm, and, in the issue, to give his name to an Irish Glencoe.

A position it had been hard to conceive more humiliating to a proud and untamed spirit such as Flavia's. The McMurrough found little difficulty in subduing his temper to his interests, though now and again his churlishness broke out. For Uncle Ulick, his habit was to be easy and to bid others to be easy; the dawn and dark of a day reconciled him to most things. The O'Beirnes, sullen and distrustful, were still glad to escape present peril. Looking for a better time to come, they helped to shield the common enemy, supposed it policy and felt no shame. Flavia alone, in presence of the man who had announced that he meant to be master, writhed in helpless revolt, swore that he should never be her master, swore that whoever bowed her head, she never would.

And Colonel Sullivan, seated apparently at his ease, on the steep lap of danger, found his thoughts dwelling on the one untamable person, on the one enemy who would not stoop and whose submission seemed valuable. The others took up the positions he assigned to them, gave him lip service, pretended that they were as they had been, and he as he had been. She did not; she would not.

Presently he discovered with surprise that her attitude rendered him unhappy. Secure in his sense of right, certain that he was acting for the best, he should have been indifferent. But he was not indifferent.

Meantime he believed that there was no length to which she would not go against him; she fancied that there was no weapon which she would not stoop to pick up if it would hurt him. And presently she was tried. A week had passed since the great fiasco. Again it was the eve of Sunday, and in the usual course of things a priest would appear to celebrate mass on the following day. This risk James was now unwilling to run. His fears painted that as dangerous which had been done safely Sunday by Sunday for years; and in a hangdog, hesitating way he let Flavia know his doubts.

"Devil take me if I think he'll suffer it!" he said, kicking up the turf with his toe. They were standing together by the waterside. Flavia rebelling against the consciousness that it was only outside their own walls that they could talk freely. "May be," he continued, "it will be best to let Father O'Hara know—to let it be for a week or two."

The girl turned upon him in passionate reprehension. "Why," she cried. "Why?"

"Why, is it you're asking?" James answered sullenly. "Well, isn't he master for the time, bad luck to him! And if he thinks we're beginning to draw the boys together he'll maybe put his foot down. And I'd rather be stopping it myself, just for a week or two, Flavvy, then be bidden by him."

"Never!" she cried.

"But—"

"Never! Never! Never!" she repeated, firmly. "Let us turn our backs on our king by all means! But on our God, no! Let him do his worst."

He was ashamed to persist, and he took another line. "I'm thinking of O'Hara," he said. "It'll be four walls for him, or worse, if he's taken."

"There's no one will be taking him," she answered steadfastly.

"But if he is?"

"I'm saying there's no one will be taking him."

James felt himself repulsed. He shrugged his shoulders and was silent. Presently, "Flavvy," he said in a low tone, "I've a notion, my girl. And it will serve, I'm thinking. This can't be lasting."

She looked at him without much hope.

"Well?" she said, coldly. She had begun to find him out.

He looked at her meaningly. "We might put the boot on the other leg," he said. "He's for informing. But what if we inform, my girl? It is the first in the field that's believed. He's his tale of the Spanish ship and you know who. But what if we tell it first, and say that he came with them and stayed behind to get us to move? Who's to say he didn't land from the Spaniard, if we're all in a tale? And faith, he's no friend here nor one that will open his mouth for him. A word at Tralee will do it, and Luke Asgill has friends there that will be glad to set the ball rolling at his bidding. Once clapped up John Sullivan may squeel, he'll not be the one to be believed, but those that put him there. It'll be no more than to swear an information, and Luke Asgill will do the rest!"

Flavia shuddered. "They won't take his life?" she asked.

James frowned. "That would not suit us at all," he said. "Not at all. We could do that for ourselves. Faith," with a sudden laugh, "you didn't lack much of doing it, Flavvy. No; but a stone box and a ring round his leg and four walls to talk to—until such time as we have a use for him—would be mighty convenient for everybody. He'd have leisure to think of his dear relations and of the neat way he outwitted them, the clever devil. But for taking his life—I'm seeing my way there, too," with a grin—"it was naming his dear relations made me think of it. They'd not hear to be informing without surety for his life to be sure. No," with a chuckle, "and very creditable to them."

Flavia stared across the water. She was very pale.

"We'll be wanting one or two to swear to it," he continued, "and the rest to be silent. Sorra a bit of difficulty will there be about it."

"But if," she said slowly, "he gets the first word, and tells the truth?"

"The truth?" James McMurrough replied scornfully. "The truth is what we'll make it. I'll see to that, my jewel."

She shivered. "Still," she said, "it will not be truth."

"What matter!" James answered. "It will cook his goose. Curse him," he continued with violence, "what right has he to come here and thrust himself into other folks' affairs."

"I could have killed him," she said, "but—"

"But you can't," he rejoined, "and you know why."

"But this," she continued, with a shudder, "this is different."

"What will you be after?" he cried impatiently. "You are not turning sheep-hearted at this time of day?"

"I am not sheep hearted."

"What is it, then, my girl?"

"I can't do this," she said. She was still very pale. Something had touched her that had never approached her so nearly before.

He stared at her. "But he'll have his life," he said.

"It's not that," she answered slowly. "It's the way. I can't!" she repeated. "I've tried and I can't! It sickens me."

"And he's to do what he likes with us?" James cried.

"No, no."

"And we're not to touch him without our gloves?"

She did not answer and twice her brother repeated the taunt. At last, "It's too vile!" she cried passionately. "It's too horrible! It's to sink to what he is, and worse!" Her voice trembled with the intensity of her feelings. "Worse!" she repeated.

To relieve his feelings, perhaps to hide his shame, he cursed his enemy anew. "And I wish I had never told you," he added bitterly.

"It's too late now," she replied.

"Asgill could have managed it and no one the wiser.

"I believe you!" she replied quickly. "But not you! Don't do it, James," she repeated, laying her hand on his arm and speaking with sudden heat. "Don't you do it! Don't!"

"And we're to let the worst happen," he retorted, "and O'Hara perhaps be seized—"

"God forbid!"

"That's rubbish! And this man be seized, and that man, as he pleases! We're to let him rule over us, and we're to be good boys whatever happens, and serve King George, and turn Protestants, every man of us!"

"God forbid!" she repeated strenuously.

"As well turn," he retorted, "if we are to live slaves all our days! Cammock was right when he said he would let no woman knit a halter for his throat!"

She did not ask him who had been the life and soul of the movement, whose enthusiasm had set it going, and whose steadfastness maintained it. She did not tell him that the issue was a hundred times more grievous to her than to him. Her eyes were beginning to be opened to his failings; but the habit of giving way to him was still strong; and when, with another volley of harsh, contemptuous words, he flung away from her, though her last interjection was a prayer to him to refrain, she blamed herself rather than him.

Now that she was alone, too, the priest's safety preyed on her mind. If Colonel John betrayed him, she would never forgive herself. Certainly, it was unlikely he would, for in that part priests moved freely, the authorities winked at their presence, and it was only within sight of the walls of Tralee or Galway that the law which proscribed them was enforced. But her experience of Colonel Sullivan—of his activity, his determination, his adroitness—made all things seem possible. He had been firm as fate in the removal of the bishop and Cammock; he had been turned no jot from his purpose by her prayers, her rage, her ineffectual struggles—she sickened at the remembrance of that moment. He was capable of everything, and if he thought fit—but at that point her eyes alighted on a man who was approaching along the lake road. It was Father O'Hara himself. The priest was advancing as calmly and openly as if no law made his presence a felony, or as if no Protestant breathed the soft Irish air for a dozen leagues about.

Her brother's words had shaken Flavia's nerves. She was courageous, but she was a woman. She flew to meet the priest, and with every step his peril loomed larger before her fluttered spirits. The wretch had said that he would be master, and a master who was a Protestant, a fanatic—

She did not follow the thought to its conclusion. She waved a warning even before she reached the father. When she did, "Father!" she cried eagerly, "you must get away, and come back after dark!"

The good man's jaw fell. He had been looking forward to good cheer and a good bed, to a rare oasis of comfort in his squalid life. He cast a wary look around him. "What has happened, my daughter?" he asked.

"Colonel Sullivan!" Flavia gasped. "He is here and he will surely give you up."

"Colonel Sullivan?"

"Yes. You were at the Carraghalin? You have heard what happened! He will surely give you up!"

"Are the soldiers here?" the priest asked, with a blanched face.

"No, but he is here He is in the house and may come out at any moment," Flavia explained. "Don't you understand?"

"Did he tell you—"

"What?"

"That he would inform?"

"No!" Flavia replied, thinking the man very dull. "But you wouldn't trust him?"

The priest looked around to assure himself that the landscape held no overt signs of danger. Then he brought back his eyes to the girl's face, and he stroked his thin, brown cheek reflectively. He recalled the scene in the bog. Colonel John's courage and his thought for his servant. And at last, "I am not thinking!" he said coolly, "that he will betray me. I am sure—I think I am sure," he continued, correcting himself, "that he will not. He is a heretic, but he is a good man."

Flavia's cheek flamed. She started back. "A good man!" she cried in a voice audible half a hundred yards away.

Father O'Hara looked a little ashamed of himself, but he stood by his guns. "A heretic, of course," he said. "But, I'm thinking, a good man. At any rate, I'm not believing that he will inform against me."

As quickly as it had come, the color fled from Flavia's face and left it cold and hard. She looked at the priest as she had never looked at a priest of her church before. "You must take your own course, then," she said. And with a gesture which he did not understand she turned from him and, leaving him puzzled and disconcerted, she went away into the house.

A good man! Heaven and earth and the sea besides! A good man! Father O'Hara was a fool!

(To Be Continued.)

GOOD NEWS FOR THE DEAF

New York, August 18.—A celebrated New York Aurist has been selected to demonstrate to deaf people that deafness is a disease and can be cured rapidly and easily in your own home.

He proposes to prove this fact by sending to any person having trouble with their ears a trial treatment of this new method absolutely free. We advise all people who have trouble with their ears to immediately address Dr. Edward Gardner, Suite 390, No. 40 West Thirty-third street, New York City, and they will receive by return mail, absolutely free, a Trial Treatment.

WHEN CAT AND EAGLES MET

Explaining Tabby's Home-Coming and Death of Two Big Birds.

Kennebec Journal.

Some days ago two large eagles descended upon the town of Milo and carried off Biff, the big Persian cat belonging to Mrs. L. H. Ryder at the Silver Lake hotel. No one ever expected to se her again, but Monday morning she reappeared outside of Mrs. Ryder's window apparently but little the worse for her experience.

Some of the long fur about her throat was missing and there were several scratches on her back, but she was purring contentedly and has taken her customary allowance of milk and sardines today without the slightest difficulty.

The final act in the drama was unfolded this afternoon when Dave Hutchingson arrived here from his Bee Pond camps with the bodies of two eagles which he found in the Ten Mile Shanty road about five miles from here. The head of one of them had been clawed terribly and the throat of the other had been torn open.

That they both met their death at the hand of the cat there can be no doubt. But how she managed to despatch them without herself sustaining serious injury is a complete mystery which even Bill McBride, the Houston Mountain bee fancier, doesn't attempt to unravel.

Man With the Conundrum.

Chicago Evening Post.

"I've got a good one today," said the man with the extemporaneous mustache to the man with the discouraged eyebrows.

"You have?" sighed the other man.

"Yes. What is the difference between a man who is engaged in a transaction that requires more funds than he has readily at hand and who hypothecates large excavating machine that he owns in order to tide himself over financially—what is the difference between him and a man who finds that his artificial lake is too shallow for navigation, and for that reason employs a force of men to deepen it?"

"Say that over again, and say it slow," demands the man with the discouraged eyebrows. The man with the extemporaneous mustache does so.

"Why, there isn't any difference," says the man with the discouraged eyebrows. "Each of them wants to float something."

"No. You're wrong."

"But I can't be."

"You're wrong. The answer—"

"I tell you I'm dead right. I ought to know. I've been guessing conundrums for 40 years, and I know—"

"But you didn't quite hit it. I asked you what was the difference between—"

"I don't care what you asked me. I told you the answer."

Turning with great dignity, the man with the extemporaneous mustache started away, muttering: "One of them pawned his dredge and the other dredged his pond, but I wouldn't tell him if he begged me on bended knees."

Kind Entreaty.

The benevolent old gentleman got busy when he saw four boys 8 or 9 years of age attack one boy about the same age, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"You mustn't, you mustn't," he said, when he had hauled them off, "attack your little companion this way. What has he done to deserve such harsh treatment?"

The four boys glowered sullenly, while the one boy whimpered as he thought what would happen to him when the benevolent gentleman went on his way.

"Well," said one of the four at last, "he won't join the Band of Kindness our teacher wants to get up in school."

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

BIG BUSINESS AND RELIGION

The International Sunday School Lesson for August 22 is "Paul's Third Missionary Journey—The Riot at Ephesus." Acts 19: 23; 20: 1.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Here enters a many-named figure, which stalks deathless through the centuries, like the Wandering Jew. On the present occasion he is called Demetrius, the silversmith; sometimes he is known as "Vested Interests," sometimes as "The System," sometimes as "Big Business;" always he claims special consideration from kings and church and parliament and peasant; ever he is glib to profess any faith that may serve his own interests, and always is he clever in cloaking his own specious pleas in the garb of the moment's most popular cause.

A mark of the wise man and the good citizen is ability to discern Demetrius in the garb of capitalist or labor agitator or politician. It is well to remember that he is not a patriot, but only a silversmith. Along with a wholesome trust in one's fellow men should ever go a careful skepticism concerning the motives of popular agitators. For Demetrius is the worst foe of any people at any time.

The Modern Golden Calf.

At the recent Christian Endeavor convention in St. Paul, William Jennings Bryan related how he had talked with a man concerning the subject of uniting with the church. The man at length confessed that the reason he could not become a Christian—while frankly admitting that he should do so—was that he was engaged in a business which was inconsistent with the Christian religion, and given his choice between business and religion, he chose business. That is a twentieth century habit. Our times frankly deify business. We are putting it above family relationships, personal health and happiness, and above honor itself. It is not altogether an unknown thing for persons to unite with the church merely to further their own business interests.

The crude, open and unabashed fashion in which Americans exalt business above worthier considerations has an illustration in the present discussion concerning the Chinese railway loan. Some American financiers have expressed a desire to participate to the extent of a few million dollars in a loan to the Chinese government. The officials at Washington have gone to great length to support this entirely proper claim. Yet in the few months that this subject has been under consideration the newspapers of the United States have given more space to it than they have given for eight years past to all the varied and important interests of American missions in China, although the latter represent an infinitely greater investment. Thus do we disproportionately put the dollar first. Similarly, all the tariff discussion of recent months has had as its background the shrewd and sleepless insistence of vested interests for special consideration at the hand of law-makers. Every parliament on earth bows the power of big business in demanding more than common consideration. The golden dollar is the modern golden calf.

Some Present-Day Dianas.

The popular Ephesian deity was Artemis, or Diana, the Goddess of Life, who was worshiped with vilest debaucheries. Her great idol, which was sold in miniature to the ceaseless stream of pilgrims, thus making a most productive industry, was the principal object of interest in Ephesus; and her temple was one of the seven wonders of the world. Somewhat analogous to that ancient situation is the shrine of the Lady of Lourdes, or the Shinto shrines of Yamada, in Ise, Japan, or the Hindu temples at Benares. In all these places the commercial life of the city is interwoven with the worship and the pilgrimages. The entire population would rise up to protest against any innovation that imperiled their business.

We need not go to heathen lands to find analogies. Present-day Christians have identified religion with institutions. Our interpretation and expression of Christianity has become confused with Christianity itself. Suppose it should appear to the consciences of most Christians that organs should be abolished from the churches, or the reverse; or that all choirs should be put into vestments. What a row would immediately follow. Or, more seriously, what if the enlightened Christian conscience of today should lead the churches back to the simple meeting house of an older day? What an opportunity for a riot in behalf of the churches and cathedrals would be created.

So most denominations have built up in bricks and mortar expensive denominational headquarters. They not only receive, but seek entailed bequests; yet it is manifest that before many years many of the existing denominational lines must be abolished. Great mergers are coming among the churches; but see what barriers are erected by these property rights and by these professional positions. It is an open secret that the Northern Presbyterian church and the Dutch Reformed church are not quite, chiefly because the lawyers have said that the title in the immensely valuable Dutch Reformed properties would not hold valid in such a union. Likewise, the proposition that is being considered in several churches to consolidate boards is meeting with shrewd and powerful opposition from men whose positions might be imperiled. Is not all this an exaltation of special interests above the free course of truth, and the welfare of the kingdom?

Demetrius, and Some Others.

This whole lesson hinges on the vital question of special interests cloaked by religion. Let us not rant about Ephesus, when in our own day Demetrius is flourishing in many quarters. Some of our denominations are honeycombed with ecclesiastical politics, which put the interests of individuals above the welfare of the church. Bishop Hamilton told the Philadelphia Methodist ministers, at the time of the last conference, that he was shocked by their self-seeking, and forbade them go home and practice what they preach. The Northern Presbyterian denomination lately took action in its highest court against the use of tobacco by its members, but it had not a word to say concerning the Demetrius of ecclesiastical-political practices that would disgrace the secular parties. In the name of the gospel that prevailed in Ephesus, the church must have new courage to cleanse herself. Christianity must be pure before it can be powerful. Only a clean church can serve; it says the word. With the relentlessness of righteousness, the self-seekers and special interests must be driven from individual churches and from the denominations.

"Great Is Diana!"

The mob that Demetrius raised at Ephesus, ostensibly in behalf of the goddess Diana, cried for two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Luke has drawn a perfect picture of a mob—throaty, headless and subject to the leadership of any kind of rascals. The cry in behalf of Diana was a false cry. It could be truly interpreted, "Great is our job!" Abdul Hamid raised the same cry in behalf of orthodoxy when he sought to defeat the reform party. Every pretender to the unstable Moroccan throne lifts the banner of a "holy war." Predatory interests at Washington shout themselves hoarse over the sacredness of the constitution and the judiciary. All these are new versions of "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

We see this Ephesian mob swarming hither and thither like a hive of bees. They knew not wherefore they were come together. They were as clay in the hands of a few shrewd agitators. Stubbly, they thought that by much shouting they could prove their case; but truth is not established that way. In popular voting the devil has often had a majority. Truth is not determined at the ballot box, nor by force of arms. Truth within though one must hold it against a multitude; and soon the noisy tumult of the Ephesians was forever stilled by the quiet touch of the truth of Christianity. A few months ago Dr. F. B. Meyer, of London, preached the Christian message in the ruins of this very theatre where Paul's enemies rioted.

A Man Who Withstood a Mob.

"Let us call in the town clerk of Ephesus," quaintly remarks a preacher, when in family or church the discussion threatens to grow warm. For there are in every situation usually a few level-headed persons who see beneath the pretensions of the demagogues, and inquire into the inner certainties of the matter. Such was the town clerk of Ephesus, who arose and stilled the tumult, giving the sage advice: "Ye ought to be quiet and to do nothing rash." He got to the core of the matter by pointing out that Demetrius and the silversmiths, if they had a valid case, could take it to the courts. There are regular assemblies for the determination of all the matters that might be involved. The appeal was one to the majesty of law, and it was pointed by a definite warning that the crowd was in danger of being called to account for the day's uproar.

In the place of that town clerk we see standing, in many regions, brave officers of the law, who have not hesitated to face mobs in their madness, and who have offered their lives in defense of the orderly procedure of justice. For one grave shortcoming of our own times is the need pointed out by the town clerk of Ephesus, that all things should be done with respect to orderly legal procedure. Real religion is the servant, of truth first, and then of law and order. Mob law is usually contrary to God's law.

DOG AS A GUIDE

Takes the Place of Master Showing Visitors Over French Estate.

La Vulgarisation Scientifique.

Nine kilometers south of Dinard (Ille-et-Vilaine), on passing through the village of Pleurtuit and descending into the deep valley of Fremur the visitor finds the Crochais ponds, a widening of the river in a romantic spot between wooded slopes whose dark verdure is reflected in the sombre waters.

The whole valley being private property dependent upon the neighboring castle of Crochais, which dominates the hill, would-be visitors are directed to apply at the mills, whose great wheel is turned by the waters of the first pond. The miller pockets his gratuity, points out the intricate paths that must be followed, then calls "Bernard," and, indicating the visitors, tells Bernard to go with them. Bernard is the dog that acts as guide in order to save the miller the journey and explanations.

The dog trots quietly along in front of those entrusted to his care,and if they take a by-path he stops and waits till they rejoin him. It is easy to understand him. The walk is about a kilometer and a half as far as the second pond, where it terminates. Bernard goes no further. If one tries to continue it at his own risk and peril, Bernard will not budge from the spot, but squats down or carries on a flirtation at the second mill till one returns.

As soon as he sees the visitor returning Bernard runs along the back path to the first pond, and, without repassing the mills where the visitor was committed to his charge, he conducts him directly to the road for Pleurtuit. Then, when he sees the visitor set off on foot or in a carriage he turns his back and trots off home, and no amount of persuasion will induce him to accompany anyone further on the road.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (clothing dealer), 820 Currier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says if any reader afflicted with kidney or bladder trouble will write to him he will direct them to the splendid home remedy he so successfully used. He is glad to do this and does not wish you to send him money.

Have Never-Work Bug

New York World.

Under the greenwood tree in Battery labor, through its New York inspector, C. L. Green, has discovered the true and ultimate germ of idleness. Inspector Green has just reported to his chief, T. V. Powderly, that, from his own observation, corroborated by reliable reports, the New York parks, with the Battery specified particularly, are breeders of sloth and encouragers of the doctrine of never work.

A constant and exclusive colony of 200 idlers lies at ease in the shade near the custom house. This colony is jealous of the advantages afforded by the Battery park award and prevents to the fullest possible extent the entrance of a single additional idler within the lazy circle, unless by a freak of industry one of the number departs for a pay envelope field and leaves an opening.

"Once a man gets under the spell of Battery park, his working days are done forever," said Mr. Green in his office in the Maritime building recently. "Many times I've got work for men who had applied to me, only to find the charm of the Battery park siesta too strong to resist. Back they come and under the trees they stay until the November winds make it a trifle too uncomfortable to remain there longer. The business depression of a year ago had the most to do with changing the parks from places of healthful and uplifting recreation to idleness-breeders. Men out of work during the first winter following the depression and continuing into the summer found they had been able to get along without employment. They considered this a feat more difficult than surviving upon a small salary. They lost the initiative for work. They appeared to think their difficult dodging of starvation during the winter entitled them to a vacation. A sleeping place had been their worst problem in winter. The Battery and other parks solved the problem for the summer. Once they stretched out under the trees in April they became inoculated with the won't-ever-work-again germ, and it has been in the system of a great many of them ever since."

FISH WITH GOOGOO EYES

The Same Being About the Size of Locomotive Headlights.

San Francisco Call.

Capt. Ross, of the Standard Oil company's steamer Dakotah, which arrived here yesterday from Manila, enjoyed a brief but soul stirring flirtation July 11 with a strange fish. On the Dakotah's log the finny flirt is described as being 40 feet long and 10 feet wide, with a cavernous mouth and very large eyes.

Capt. Ross was on the bridge when his mate called attention to what he thought was a whale on the port bow. When within about a hundred feet of the monster they saw that while very like a whale at a distance an intimate view showed no resemblance.

"As we came along," said Capt. Ross, "the creature turned its head toward the ship. It was the fiercest face I ever saw. The mouth was like the entrance to a railroad tunnel and the eyes big as locomotive headlights. For all the ferocity of the face the eyes had a kind look in them.

"We watched the brute intently. Just as we came almost alongside he gave those eyes a regular googoo roll and sank out of sight. A whale would have gone down head first and waved good-bye with his tail. We never saw this fellow's tail, and whether he said 'good-bye' or 'come along, boys,' with his eyes is more than I can tell. I've been to sea for many years but never saw another fish like that one."

As proof that the fish was all he describes Capt. Ross points to the log, which says the encounter took place in latitude 45 degrees 30 minutes north, longitude 152 degrees west.

A Matter of Conscience.

Washington Star.

"Why is Dustin Stax so feverishly engaged in amassing wealth?"

"Probably as a matter of conscience," answered Miss Cayenne, "he wants to lay by a liberal competency so that he can have leisure to repent."

BAD DREAMS

Caused by Coffee.

"I have been a coffee drinker, more or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night, for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare.

"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and were drinking Postum, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions.

"I was astonished at the flavour and taste. It entirely took the place of coffee, and to my very great satisfaction, I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved and I wish I could wean every man, woman and child from the unwholesome drug—ordinary coffee.

"People really do not appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of it would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned.

"A young lady friend of ours had stomach trouble for a long time, and could not get well as long as she used coffee. She finally quit coffee and began the use of Postum and is now perfectly well. Yours for health."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I wish somebody, through the medium of the Farmstead columns of The Blade, would kindly give me a simple plan for making an efficient fireless cooker—one that is durable and will be a success.—W., Bosworth, Mo.

Which is better for weatherboarding, yellow pine or hemlock, and will either last well without painting? My mare has a wart on the side of her neck. It is as large as a walnut. What will take it off? Who will kindly answer these questions for me?—H., New Freeport, Pa.

Will someone give me a recipe for putting cucumbers down in salt?—S., Evansport, Ohio.

I recently found my cow walking in a circle, with her head bent to her side, and when I started to drive her she walked to one side, into the fence and other obstacles, and kept licking her side. Since then she has improved, but seems blind in one eye, and hunches her back. We have tried everything that has been suggested. Gave her oil, flaxseed meal, cut her tail, and rubbed turpentine on her head for hollow horn. She was fresh about two weeks before the attack came. She is still weak and staggers when she walks, but gives as much milk as usual. Can anyone give me information in regard to the disease?—S., Cheat Haven, Pa.

DILL PICKLES WITHOUT VINEGAR

C., Springport, Mich.: To make dill pickles without vinegar, make a brine that will just hold up an egg, and add half as much clear water as you have brine. Wash the cucumbers in the cold water and pack in layers, covering each layer with grape leaves and one of dill—the leaves and stems. Cover with a cloth and weight. Keep covered with the brine, and every week remove the cloth and wash it well, then replace.—S., Evansport, Ohio.

CHEAP PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING

As from 700 to 800 people are killed, twice as many injured, and an immense amount of property destroyed by lightning every year, Professor Henry, of the weather bureau, thinks more attention should be given to protection from lightning. The professor has recently prepared a paper on this subject, and it has been published as Farmers' Bulletin No. 367 of the United States Department of Agriculture. In explaining what lightning is and how to prevent buildings from being struck, he gives an instructive elementary discussion of electricity, conductors and nonconductors, positive and negative electrification, and electricity in thunder storms.

It is the practical part of this paper, however, which will appeal most strongly to the farmers of the country. Professor Henry shows how lightning rods that are "inexpensive yet effective" may be put up by anybody. The following is a list of the necessary materials: Enough galvanized iron telegraph wire to serve for the rod, a pound of galvanized iron staples to hold the wire in place, a few connecting tees, and a pound of aluminum paint. He says: "While iron is not so good a conductor as copper, it is less likely to cause dangerous side flashes, and it also dissipates the energy of the lightning flash more effectively than does the copper."

The methods of putting up the rods is explained and illustrated. This bulletin is for free distribution.

NEW POTATOES

In the early potato patch, for instance, at the last cultivation corn may be planted between the rows and a good crop of corn harvested in the fall. If early maturing field corn is used it will fully mature before frost, or standard will mature enough for excellent fall feeding. Nearly all of the varieties of sweet corn will mature by this manner of planting, and the crop will be appreciated late in the season. Last summer the writer grew corn planted in the potato patch at the last cultivation of the potatoes which matured for early feeding and which yielded at the rate of over eighty bushels to the acre. The potatoes were dug and used early and the corn in no way interfered with their growth. The corn was cultivated four times after the potatoes were dug.

What is true of the planting of late garden and truck patch crops is equally true of flowers and other ornamental plants, especially annuals. Flower seed will germinate almost any time during the summer, and many of them sown in July will germinate and grow to produce a flood of blossoms in early autumn. Where a part of the plants in a flower bed or border have failed to grow young volunteer plants or those from a bed where the plants are too thick may be lifted and set where they are most needed, thus keeping all of the flower spaces will filled. One does not know how many really good crops of late flowers and vegetables can be grown until a trial has been made.

It pays big to have an abundance of flowers about the home. Their influence is refreshing and educating. Cultivate flowers as you would field crops, giving them the very best of care. Sow annual seeds for late blooming, and sow seeds or perennials for next year and future years. Have plenty of ornamental plants near at hand to study and enjoy while you are resting in the open during spare hours of the summer.

One of the greatest aids to successful gardening is the old-fashioned practice of mulching; those who have adopted it, particularly in hot, dry weather, are convinced of the fact that by its means the fertility of the soil and the quality of the crops are greatly improved. Broadly speaking, mulching serves a twofold purpose: (1) it helps to conserve the moisture in the soil and (2) it provides additional nourishment for the crop.

The best time to apply a mulch is a few days after the summer rains have given place to the hot, dry weather. In this way the covering prevents the escape of the heat which is stored up in the soil, and the moisture which is about the roots cannot be lost through surface evaporation. Should the mulch be applied after a spell of dry weather, it is essential that the ground be previously well watered.

The best mulch is one which is composed of half-decayed farmyard manure, with which has been retained a fair amount of the straw. Fresh stable manure is another very good mulch. In gardens where there is a large quantity of lawn, the cut grass from the spring mowings, if saved in a heap, will also prove suitable for the purpose.

In cases where the mulch has to be applied near or within view of the house and where the long manure may prove unsightly, it can be passed through a coarse sieve or else it may be covered with sifted soil.

Peas and runner beans are particularly benefited by mulching; it will prolong the bearing period considerably, besides causing the production of a more succulent pot. It is hardly necessary to say that fruit trees, especially those recently planted, or those against a hot wall in a dry south border, should be mulched.

With regard to the flower garden, the value of mulching to roses, welphiniums and many other gross feeders, is too well known to dilate upon, while a good mulching to sweet peas may prolong their flowering period for several weeks.

DRY PENS FOR PIGS

Very frequently we see pigs and hogs of all ages kept in a dry pen in summer, says the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean. Many farmers seem to hold to the notion that pasture is good for horses, sheep and cattle, but that it is not much account for hogs. They often keep their pigs up in a dry lot or pen all summer and half starve them, with the result that hog raising is a losing proposition.

Pigs will eat grass, weeds and a great variety of vegetable growth with as much relish as do sheep and cattle, and some green feed is very beneficial to their health and good digestion. Pigs will grow and fatten on grain and slops, but they will make larger net gains if they are given the run of a grassy pasture during the early growing period. The exercise in walking about to eat the green foliage forage has a tendency to keep them healthy and vigorous.

It very frequently happens that grain fed on the farm runs so short in summer that very little can be spared for the hogs without robbing the work horses. In such cases if the pigs are confined in a dry pen they become very poor and it requires a vast amount of feeding in the fall to get them in good flesh and finish for meat market. Pigs that are kept on good pasture during the summer, with a little grain and slop, will continue to grow and put on flesh and frame for quick and profitable fattening when the fall corn crop is ripe enough for feeding. The gain they make on grass is far cheaper that the gain made on corn or other expensive feeds.

A good pig pasture, acre for acre, will pay as large returns for the area as land under cultivation, and the pigs will save the trouble and expense of cultivating and harvesting the crop, an important item in present day farm management. Hogs are a high price now, the highest they have been for many years, and it is very likely that they will continue a very good price till new corn comes in, and perhaps they

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CHINESE RAILROAD

first terminal of the Sunning ad is Kwng Yik, a port 120 miles west of Canton. The whole line completed will be about forty and there will be twenty staor more if inducements offer. At ut about thirty-six miles of the have been completed, of which thirty-two are in operation, W. B. Hull, of the American lar force at Canton. Trains run trips a day from each end, taking two hours for the trip. The averally receipts are from $225 to $250 senger traffic and from $40 to $50 ight, with a daily expense of $150. The capital of the railway $50,000, divided into shares at $2.50 all owned by Chinese.

idea of building this railroad ored with Mr. Chin Gee Hee, who hen in the United States, and subscriptions for stock were seen from other Chinese residents of ited States. The majority of the however, is now owned by resi- of the province of Kwangtung. the road was surveyed the vil- were very much opposed to it efused to sell land to the company used for railroad purposes, but meeting all these obstructions for siderable time with great patience ojector finally obtained their con- to and co-operation in its con- ion.

line is being constructed entire- non-scientific Chinese. No person r nationality other than Chinese er is connected in any way the building of this road. It is built under the direction of Mr. president of the railroad, who re- to China from the United States about forty years' experience some of which was as a railroad and as contractor. He has no eering or road knowledge oth- an the experience gained while the United States. He has the help of one hundred Chinese foremen borers who came back from the States, all with more or less exce in railroad construction. The uction work commenced in the e of 1906, and part of the line pened to traffic at the beginning . The whole road is provided elephone lines for dispatching. president and constructor of the has never received more than inal monthly salary of about $40 nth. The master mechanic re- $20; fitters, $7.50 to $17.50; black- , $12.50 to $15; engine drivers, to $22.50; firemen, $7.50 to $9; tors, $12.50; brakemen, $7.50 to ticket sellers, $10; ticket collec- to $10; gang foremen, $7.50 to $8; foremen carpenters, $20; and ters, $7.50 to $12.50, all a month. s receive 20 cents a day. Ten of labor constitute a day's work.

oose Thirty-Six Years Old.

Dispatch to New York Herald.

isn't the goose that laid the egg, but it's the oldest goose in United States, according to its Mrs. A. C. Johnson, of this city. goose is thirty-six years old ore," says Mrs. Johnson, in re- the story of her feathered pet. morning in April, 1873, when I out into the yard, I found a gosling half buried in the snow. ly the bird was one of a flock geese flying overhead, and the night had become tired and out, dropping to the ground. I him up, took him into the house, , and ever since then he has e with me. I gave him the name

old goose is known to every in the neighborhood. He will his mistress about the streets ever she will allow him to do so a pet of many people. A few ago the old goose was caught the hoofs of a horse and thought for a time that the bird die. His feet were crushed, but ered, and still manages to wad- out cheerfully.

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

EASTER

When was Easter first observed and why does it not always come on the same day?—W. L. R., Concord, N. H.

Formerly the Jews celebrated Easter on the 14th day of the month of March. The Christians also celebrated it in the same month, but always on Sunday. Sometimes both Christians and Jews celebrated it the same day. This was thought un-Christian, and therefore it was decided that Easter should be on the first Sunday after the paschal full moon (14th day of the calendar moon, or the full moon which happens on or next after the 21st of March). If the full moon happens upon a Sunday then Easter day is the first Sunday following.

JAKOB STAINER

Will the bureau please give a sketch of the life of Jakob Stainer?—M. M. M., Buffalo, W. Va.

Jakob Stainer, the German violin maker, was born July 14, 1621, and died in 1683. He was apprenticed to a maker of stringed musical instruments at Innsbruck. He learned the secret of the Italian method of constructing violins, and won a reputation that passed beyond Germany into Italy and England and lasted for more than a century.

MEXICO

Please tell about the climate of Mexico.—J. S., Winlock, Wash.

The climate of Mexico is from tropic to temperate. On account of the latitude there are three climatic levels known as the hot lands on the coast; the temperate lands, from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea; and the cold lands, 6,000 feet high. But these, except the steaming southern coast lands, are to some extent relative terms: "cold" meaning one thing on high ground at 32 degrees north, and quite another at 15 degrees. The hot lands have a mean temperature of about 80 degrees; and a summer heat often of 100 degrees; the southern cold ones rarely go below 20 degrees, and have a mean temperature of 60 degrees. In the Valley of Mexico, the "perpetual spring," the range is usually 65 to 70 degrees the year through. There is no true winter, but a rainy season from June to October; the dry one November to May. Malarial fevers are prevalent along the coast, and have been somewhat in the damp Valley of Mexico; but the great drainage tunnel finished in 1903 has much improved the sanitary conditions.

HAYES-TILDEN DISPUTE

What states were contested in the dispute over the electoral count in 1876? How many electoral votes did each of the contested states have? By what majority of the electoral votes did Tilden claim he was elected?—C. W., Altmar, N. Y.

The states whose returns were contested in the election of 1876 were Florida, Oregon, South Carolina and Louisiana. Florida had four electoral votes, Louisiana, eight votes, Oregon, three votes, and South Carolina, seven votes. Tilden lacked but one vote of having a majority which would elect him.

ELLEN M. STONE

Will you please give an account of the imprisonment of Ellen M. Stone, the missionary?—E. A. M., North Bristol, O.

Ellen Maria Stone was captured by the brigands in September, 1901, between Bansko and Djumia, Macedonia. A ransom of $110,000 for her and Mme. Tsilka, captured at the same time, was demanded. People in the United States subscribed $65,000 and the release of the prisoners followed.

SAMUEL J. CRAWFORD

Please give a short sketch of the life of Samuel J. Crawford, of Kansas.—J. D. S., Lanesboro, Pa.

Samuel J. Crawford, the third governor of Kansas, was born April 10, 1835. He spent his early life on the farm, and was educated in the district schools and Bedford academy. After studying law he was admitted to the bar when 21 years of age. In 1857 he entered the law school of Cincinnati college, graduating from that institution the following year. Crawford then removed to Garnett, Kansas, and commenced the practice of law in 1859. He was elected a member of first Kansas legislature, which convened in March, 1861, but resigned his seat in May and organized a company of volunteers for the war. He was chosen captain of the company. His regiment did valiant service in Missouri, participating in many important battles. Crawford took an active part in the war until 1864. Before the close of the war he obtained the honor of being breveted a brigadier general. He was elected governor of Kansas in November, 1868, so he resigned his commission and was inaugurated the following year. He was re-elected two years later and served his term until he resigned to take command of the Nineteenth cavalry regiment in the expedition against the Indians on the frontier. The remaining two months of his term were filled by the lieutenant governor. At the close of the campaign Crawford resumed his practice of law in Topeka.

BERMUDA ISLANDS

Please tell what you can concerning the Bermuda islands.—E. H., Oak Grove, Mich.

The Bermuda islands are situated in the Atlantic ocean about 580 miles southeast of Cape Hatteras. There are about 400 of the islands, but most of them are so small and barren that they have neither inhabitants nor name. They were first discovered by Juan Bermudez, a Spaniard, in 1522. In 1609 Sir George Somers, an Englishman, was wrecked here, and after his shipwreck, formed the first settlement. The names of the chief islands are St. George, Bermuda, Somerset, St. David's and Ireland. They are chiefly used as a naval and military station. The island of Ireland is occupied by a government dockyard and other naval establishments, while Boaz and Watford islands have the military depots. The military headquarters are at Prospect. The climate of these islands is healthy and delightful, the air being mild and moist at all seasons. Consumptive patients should not go there though, for the climate is not adapted for them. The temperature is seldom below 40 degrees and seldom rises above 85 degrees. On account of its temperate climate the islands have become a popular holiday resort for Americans. The surface is rather irregular; the soil, though light and stony, is generally rich and fertile. The islands form a nearly continuous chain, and are connected almost uninterruptedly by roads, bridges and causeways. The water is mostly salt; there generally being little fresh water except that which is preserved in cisterns.

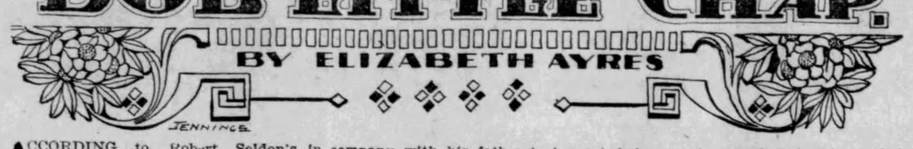
MAMMOTH CAVE

Please give a description of Mammoth cave and tell when it was discovered.—G. B. V., Sterling, Conn.

Mammoth cave is believed to be the largest known cavern in the world. It is situated near Green river, in the central part of Kentucky, about 75 miles south and southwest of Louisville. It was discovered in 1809, and it has always been the property of private individuals. The mouth of the cave is reached by passing down a wild, rocky ravine, the entrance of the cave being hidden from view by a dense growth of trees. The opening of the cave is funnel-shaped, and from 50 to 100 feet in diameter at the top, and the steep walls are about 55 feet high. The cave abounds in passage-ways and chambers, some of which are very beautiful. One chamber, called the Great City, is said to cover a space of two acres. Then there is what is called the star chamber, which is 500 feet long and 7 feet wide, and its ceiling is 70 feet high and is composed of black gypsum, which is set with white points, which, by a dim light, present a most remarkable likeness to stars. Still another is incrusted with crystals of dazzling whiteness which glitter like diamonds in the torchlight. There are several remarkable pits in the cave, one of which is called the Bottomless pit, but by sounding it was found to be only about 200 feet deep. Some of the passages are occupied by streams or pools The temperature of the cave is about 59 degrees throughout the year, seldom varying more than one or two degrees, and the air is dry. The animals living there are a few species of fish, two species of crayfish and several kinds of insects, as well as bats, which divide their time between the cave and the outer world. Some species of cave animals are white, and blind; others have color and well-developed eyes. The former are thought to have occupied the cave for long ages, gradually adapting themselves to the darkness, while the others are supposed to have been introduced later.

BOB LITTLE CHAP.

BY ELIZABETH AYRES



ACCORDING to Robert Selden's view of the situation, the summer he was five years of age he put aside childish things and joined the ranks of the laborers as a man. Robert's father was a contractor, and, his son having enshrined him as a hero, was fully decided to be a contractor, too.

"You'll have to begin and work from the ground up, Bob," his father told him gravely, when Robert confided to him his intentions regarding his future career.

"Yes, sir," agreed Robert with equal gravity, drawing his smooth brow into wrinkles that made him for the moment look prematurely old.

Almost from his cradle Robert had seemed to resist being a baby. He demonstrated that he had a spine of his own at a remarkably early age, and pulled himself to his feet with his strong little arms at a period in his existence when those who were wise in child culture prophesied dire calamity if he were permitted to so strain his tender muscles.

Robert defied all established traditions regarding babies, and walked when children who were his contemporaries were creeping or being carried in the arms of their mothers. He was not so forward in talking. He could make himself understood without words, and so he took his own time in acquiring the use of language, but when he suddenly burst into speech it was with an astonishingly large vocabulary for one who was a beginner.

Robert was not an ordinary child. Of course this fact was known from his first appearance by his parents and relations, and this opinion was afterwards confirmed by those who had the honor of his acquaintance, so it could not have been exaggerated or ruled by partiality.

Robert rather disdained baby talk. It was only when he was tired or sleepy that he liked to be rocked and beguiled with the sweet absurdities that fall so easily from the lips of mothers. Robert himself soon forsook childish prattle, and sought to emulate his elders in pronouncing words. He spoke distinctly and with a little drawl that heightened his fascination. He was undeniably a quaint child, with his assumption of manliness and his overwhelming desire to take up the cares of life, though he was assured by his father that this was not strictly necessary.

The summer Robert was five years old he saw his first opportunity and seized it. His father was erecting a large building a short distance from his home, and it was there his son decided to begin his labors. He was not quite certain what he should find to do, and in truth he did not stop to consider this side of the matter. He was drawn to the place where the work was going on, and being a favorite with his father's workmen, his welcome was assured. The delightful sand piles seemed placed for his special use and benefit, and when he went in company with his father to inspect the progress of the building, the men greeted him with a man-to-man heartiness that made him feel like one of their number.

It must be confessed that the morning Robert "went to work" he did not ask permission of his mother. He basely violated her confidence by running away, for which he suffered the ignominy of being sought for and taken home in disgrace. While his punishment of being immediately put to bed in a darkened room was bitter, it did not deter him from running away the next morning and for several mornings following, until his persistency won, and he was permitted to have his way.

"When I'm not there the men will look after him," his father said, to quiet the fears and objections of Robert's mother. "He might as well play in the sand piles over there as in his own. Bob thinks he's working. He's going to be a contractor, you know. He thinks his father is a great man and that's where he shows his good sense," he boasted.

"Well, if you're sure he'll be safe," his wife returned, doubtfully. "I know he's a steady child and old for his age, but really, he's only a baby."

"He was born an aged person," answered Robert's father, rather pridefully.

And so it happened that those who lived along the way saw Robert traveling the same route every morning, promptly at 7. He showed his feeling of importance by taking comically long strides, at least they were as long as his short, sturdy legs would permit, and to add to his joy he had a bright, new, tin pail to carry, in which were cookies and bread and butter.

There was no doubt in Robert's mind that he was a full-fledged day laborer with the prospect of being a contractor coming nearer and nearer. To be sure, his self-imposed duty of transferring shovelfuls of sand from one pile to another and then back again with his toy shovel was only as arduous as he chose to make it, and he spent much time trotting about the heels of the workmen, watchful of their every moment and asking many questions.

They enjoyed having "Bob Little Chap," as they called him, around, finding much entertainment in his talk of what he was going to do when he was a "big man." One of their number suggested putting him on the payroll. This was scarcely carried out to the letter, but on payday Bob was the recipient of an envelope in which were 23 pennies, contributed by his fellow workmen. This part of the arrangement was not confided to the young man, however, and after he received his envelope and was told what it meant, he went swaggering about, swelling his chest, and feeling himself to be at least six feet tall.

"I'm working reg'lar now," he told his father, proudly, exhibiting his pennies in proof of his assertion.

"Start a bank account, Bob," his father advised, "you'll find it handy when you go into business for yourself."

"Yes, sir," his son answered dutifully.

After this, Bob was a faithful and steady laborer for several days, and he might have continued indefinitely had not one of the workmen told him it was reported he was about to be dropped from the payroll.

"Of course, it may be only a report, but it's whispered around, it's whispered around," he said, mysteriously.

At the moment Bob was engaged in tunneling one of the sand piles, and, being much absorbed in his work, he did not immediately notice the other's remark. But when he was ready to talk he turned his eyes toward him with an unblinking stare and asked, "What does big men doos when they're dropped? Does it hurt awful?"

"Usually they quit the job, more or less injured," answered the workman, seriously.

"Oh," said Bob, thoughtfully.

He did not seem inclined to further conversation and leaving his tunnel in an unfinished state he went home that day earlier than was his habit. He spent most of the afternoon in meditative mood on the front veranda of his home, and it was there his father found him when he returned in the evening. Bob did not run to meet him, as was his custom. The two were great friends and his father wondered what was the matter.

"Hello, Bob Little Chap!" he called, having adopted the name his workmen called his son.

"Hello, favver," Bob returned, in quite an elderly manner.

"Anything gone wrong?" his father questioned cheerfully.

Bob wriggled his body in an embarrassed sort of way and was apparently engrossed in seeing how far he could turn in his toes.

"Anything gone wrong?" again questioned his father.

Bob's warm little hand slipped into his father's broad palm and nestled there in its reassuring pressure.

"How did the work go today?" his father asked, encouragingly.

Bob wriggled again and seemed to be having trouble with his powers of speech. Finally he explained, speaking very low, "I've quit the job and I guess I'm more or less injured. That's what happens when you get dropped from the payroll. I don't care," he declared, with a fine show of bravado.

His father looked at him quickly and saw, rising in his face, a flush that gave sign of impending tears.

"That's nothing," he said, off-handedly, "I didn't hold my first job but two days. Where do you think you're most injured?"

Bob pointed to his throat. "It feels kinda funny here," he answered, his lips quivering.

His father smoothed the satiny skin of Bob's throat.

"Doesn't it feel better now?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," returned Bob, cheering up, "it doos."

"Going to take a new job or go back to the old one?" inquired his father. "I'll put you on the payroll if you want to go back."

Boy Little Chap wriggled and giggled ecstatically, but gave no other answer.

"We're going to have coal put in tomorrow. Perhaps you'd like to look after that," his father suggested.

Bob glanced at him out of the corners of his eyes and nodded his head shyly.

The next morning, Bob, after having waited impatiently for the first load of coal to be brought, was hard at work with his tin pail and shovel helping to put the fuel in its winter quarters. To be sure, he carried but very little at a time, but he felt important, and this was all that was necessary.

"Hello!" exclaimed a neighbor, who was passing by, "has Bob quit his job on the building?"

Bob's father was just leaving the house and he answered for his son. "Yes," he said, "Bob's decided now he'll be a coal-heaver."

As for Bob Little Chap, he was too busy to say a word.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE

What was the exact location of Mason and Dixon's line? Why was it so called and what is the political significance of the term?—G. H. T., Island City, Ore.

Mason and Dixon's line was the name given to the boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, which was surveyed in 1763-7 by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon two English civil engineers. This survey was intended to settle a number of long-standing border disputes between the two colonies. It ran due west, in north latitude, 39 degrees, 43 minutes, 26.3 seconds, for 245 miles. The line was resurveyed in 1849, but so carefully had the work been done it was not found necessary to make any change in the line. During the exciting debates in congress in 1820 on the question of admitting Missouri as a slave state, John Randolph first referred to Mason and Dixon's line as the figurative boundary line between free and slave territory. In this sense it has ever since been used.

MAKING MONEY

Will you please give the process of the manufacture of money?—F. R. T., Howell, Mich.

Bullion is received at the mint in the form of bricks of all sizes and very peculiar shape when it comes from Spanish-American countries. The regular shaped bricks often weigh as heavy as 150 pounds. The Mexicans melt their silver and rub it into the most crude-shaped molds in the world, in quantities so large and heavy that a burro could not carry one casting. If the valuable metal were carried in quantities convenient for handling raiders would be more likely to be after it and demand the whole or a large portion of the silver as salvage for protection against other raiders. The Mexican silver received at the mint is taken to the machine shop and cut up before it is in shape to be put into one of the largest crucibles. The regular-shaped bricks are taken first to the assay office, where the corners are clipped and the brick bored into. An assay is made of the clippings and borings. The result is made known to the person making the deposit in about 24 hours. The bricks, by pressure, compressed into solid circular masses of from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter and five inches thick, resembling very much the shape of the cheese. The silver is then placed in an oven in iron pans. A fire is raised and the iron and oven are brought to a cherry red color for the purpose only of driving off moisture in the chloride of silver. The least portion of moisture in the crucibles would break them, and the silver would be lost in the ashes. The cakes next go to the melter and are run into bricks. If it is to be turned into coin, it is again melted, and an alloy of one-tenth copper is put in both for silver and gold, and the whole is then run into ingots. These are heated and rolled to the proper thickness and width, and the strips are then annealed and whitened. The blanks are next punched and cleansed of the grease from the rollers, and are then sent to the adjusters. Each piece is weighed, and if found too heavy a little is filed off the edge; if under weight, it is remelted. From the adjusters the blanks pass to the stamping room. The milling as it is generally termed, is then put on, by pressure—squeezing the silver out into the little grooves of the mold. After it is upset, to raise the ring on the surface, the blank passes under the die. The impression is made on both sides from one blow. A rule of the coiner's department prohibits an employe leaving the department during the day until after the accounts are adjusted. From the coiner the money passes to the counter, who, with the aid of a counting board, which holds an exact number of pieces, is able to count thousands where a person ordinarily would count only units. The counting board carries just 1,000 silver dollars. One of the most interesting objects to be seen in the mint is a large balance scale, so nicely adjusted that one may take a hair from the head, split it and place it in one of the scale pans, and the beam will be noticeably deflected.

MISCELLANEOUS

F. M. D., Cox's Mills, W. Va.: We cannot tell you the origin of making paper money as the government does not generally give such information to the public.

J. E. L., Mt. Ayr, Ia.: The Bureau doesn't know how many wives the former sultan of Turkey was allowed. There was probably no limit. Various numbers have been given from time to time, but so far as the Bureau knows, no official count was ever made public.

J. D. L., Vicksburg, Mich.: Not only aliens, but citizens of the United States are prohibited by the laws of most of the states from carrying concealed weapons, or firearms. We do not understand that there is any act of congress governing the matter.

C. J. H., Burton, O.: We can give you no sketch of Edward Payson Weston.

R. V. D., Pearl, W. Va., and A. B. G., Maryville, Mo.: We cannot answer your questions.

F. H. C., Minneapolis, N. C.: The feats to which you refer, with the possible exception of sword swallowing, are done by slight-of-hand. There are no wizards.

F. B. S., Moundsville, W. Va.: Woman suffrage has not been withdrawn in states where it was established.

J. H. D., Chester, Miss.: We can tell you nothing of the Missionary Baptist church.

The Departed Friend.

Though he that ever kind and true
Kept stoutly step by step with you
Your whole, long gusty lifetime through
Be gone a while before—
Be now a moment gone before,
Yet doubt not; anon the seasons shall restore
Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner—still
He pushes on with right good will
Through mire and marsh, by heugh and hill;
That selfsame arduous way—
That selfsame upland hopeful way
That you and he through many a doubtful day
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread
Got some few trifling steps ahead
And nearer to the end
So that you, too, once past this bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, strong heart! Then while
You travel forward mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile,
Till you can overtake,
And strains his eye to search his wake,
Or, whistling, as he sees you through the brake,
Waits on a stile.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Smoke and Tuberculosis.

Dayton Journal.

Tuberculosis is not the only disease which makes its dread progress through smoke and consequent murk. Other diseases would be less frequent and malignant in the cities were it not for the unhealthy death pall that hangs in the atmosphere laden with sorrow and disaster. In Dayton it is less felt, perhaps, than in many other cities, but it is perceptible and demonstrable even here. Why do not people responsible for the conditions act as it is possible for them to act and prevent this situation? In one century from the present time it will be criminal to permit the waste material from any business to vomit into the atmosphere or surge into the streams and endanger the lives and health of citizens. Were it not possible to prevent this condition of affairs it would be deplorable. As it is, the situation is not only disgraceful, but it is criminal.

Russia Leather Repels Moths.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

The peculiar and agreeable odor of Russia leather is derived from the birch bark used in tanning it. This odor repels moths and other insects and makes it invaluable for bookbinding, as a few books bound in Russia leather in a library will protect the remainder from insect attacks.

AIRSHIPS VS. BATTLESHIPS

How the Aerial Navy of Germany Brought Destruction to the Great English Fleet—A Forecast.

Unusual attention has been attracted by an article on the development of military airships in Germany published in this month's issue of McClure's. It is thought by The Blade that the following extract from a pamphlet of prophecy enjoying wide circulation in the German empire will be of great interest:

On June 12 the English spies announced that the German navy was maneuvering in the North sea. Immediately ten engineering officers set out for Kiel and Berlin under orders to destroy the German airships with dynamite. In the night of June 12-13 two hundred English warships sailed to the North sea. It will ever remain a mystery how it was possible that the plan to take Germany unawares missed fire. The hypothesis is supported by the fact that the engineering officers, although they wore German airship uniforms and were masters of the German language, were seized before they could carry out their enterprise and rendered harmless. It is further borne out by the action of the German fleet, which retired to the coast. With feverish excitement the English war office awaited the message agreed upon announcing the successful destruction of the German airships; but hour after hour passed, and it was finally decided to communicate with the admiral in command by wireless telegraphy and order him to postpone the attack. Whether this message reached the English fleet too late or circumstances rendered it impossible to carry out the order, has never been established with certainty, as not a single being who could have given information on the subject ever saw home again.

One thing, however, is certain—the German naval stations were informed as to the movements of the English fleet. On the morning of June 14 it met its fate. The fleet was at this time thirty miles west of Heligoland when its outpost ship sighted great German armored cruisers on the horizon. A thick fog enveloped the sky in dense gray, obscuring the view. The fleet was just about to carry out a change of front when, suddenly, one after the other, fearful explosions occurred on three ships. Before it had been grasped what had occurred fresh detonations followed, and now began an unbroken, murderous bombardment by an unseen foe. The brave sailors were panic-stricken. It was obvious they found themselves immediately beneath the German air-fleet, which, favored by the weather, had escaped the notice of the English balloon scouts.

Now followed a scene of which the few survivors cannot speak without shuddering. A gray mass plunged with furious rapidity through the air and amidst an uproar as if the end of the world were at hand, the admiral's ship was blown to atoms. Twenty or so ships in proximity were likewise blown up and sunk. What had happened? English balloon scouts had so damaged the gas-chamber of a German airship that the commander, to prevent his ship capsizing, had no choice but to unchain the ammunition car. Thus many hundredweight of explosives had been hurled from a height of one thousand yards and had struck the admiral's ship.

There was now no holding back and in wild flight such of the English fleet as were in action scattered in every direction. The German squadron, which had slowly arpoached in full strength, had been awaiting this moment. The retreating foe was pursued and in the cross-fire from the Heligoland fortresses, from the guns of the German battleships and from the bombardment of the airships, the pride of England sank in the flood of the North sea.

On the morning of June 15 a German army corps brought the news to England of the destruction of the British fleet.

Much in Little.

Inks in which iron is an ingredient keep better in earthen jugs than in glass bottles as exposure to light hastens decomposition.

The world's gold production last year was the largest in history, $409,000,000, against $400,000,000 in 1907 and $390,000,000 in 1906.

Consul John F. Jewell, of Melbourne, reports the discovery in the Australian state of Victoria of a large deposit of manganese ore.

The building of New York city's Catskill water system will require 58,000,000 cubic yards of excavation, 23,000,000 more than the Panama canal.

During the 30 years of asbestos production Canada, which leads the world in the output of this mineral, has produced $20 000,000 worth.

Vice Consul John A. Merkle, of Bergen, writes that an exposition will be held by the Norwegian county of Bergen from June 1 to September 15, 1910, in that city.

Longest Pipe Line.

American Machinest.

Pipe line connections have been completed by which it is possible to pipe oil from the Oklahoma wells to New York harbor. Oil has been started on the long journey of 1,500 miles. This is the longest pipe line in existence in the United States, and indeed in the world. It is not probable that much oil from the mid-continent district will be brought to seaboard at present, and the completion of the line seems to be more in the nature of a provision for the future, or for emergencies which may arise. Oklahoma has the most active oil field in the country at present; moreover, its production is increasing, while that of Pennsylvania and West Virginia is decreasing. It may not be long before the western wells will be called upon to supply the seaboard and export demand.

A One-Legged Cricketer.

Baily's Magazine.

Has any one heard of a one-legged cricketer? There is a one-legged member of the Knotty Ash (Liverpool) club who has to use a crutch, but is nevertheless not only a useful bat but a capable wicket keeper as well.

In a match against Trinity Old Boys he scored by means of a couple of fours—appropriately enough, strokes to leg—and a two, and he also helped to add to the score by means of some judicious running.

He sprints between the wickets in a series of hops, touching the ground only four times with his crutches, and so lightly does he touch the ground that except on very soft turf he does little damage to the pitch. As a wicket keeper he brings his crutch into use and prevents many balls well on the leg side from passing him by using the shaft of the crutch.

Locked Shah in House of Commons.

Westminster Gazette.

The predecessor of the deposed shah of Persia, who made a state visit to England in 1873, had a curious experience in the distinguished strangers' gallery of the house of commons. He soon got tired of watching our legislators at work, but when he made a move to go he was told he could not leave the gallery. It happened at that moment that a division was called, and in accordance with the practice which then prevailed all the doors of the house were locked until the vote was taken. Mr. Gladstone made on interesting comment on the incident. "It is," he wrote in his journal, "probably, or possibly, the first time for more than 500 years that a foreign sovereign has been under personal restraint of any kind in England."

EARLY DAY RAILWAY

Imprisoning Passengers at Stations —Dress of the Signalmen.

There has just passed away one who was intimately associated with our railway system when it was in its very crude infancy.

Mr. David Stevenson, whose death has occurred in his 88th year, joined the London and Birmingham Railway in June, 1837, and rose to the position of goods manager of the London and North-Western Railway. He kept a private diary of the important events of those early days when the third class passengers rode in open carriages, and tickets were torn from a book.

Mr. Stevenson told how the roadside stations were enclosed with lofty iron railings, within which the passengers were imprisoned until a train arrived. They were then permitted to run out to take their places for which they sometimes had to join in a free fight. "Then the engine gave a prolonged whistle, which Charles Dickens described as saying, 'Here are 250 people in the veriest extremity of danger, and there are their 250 screams all in one.' The clatter caused by the stone blocks, which used until the wooden sleepers replaced them, added greatly to the unpleasantness of the journey."

In Mr. Stevenson's early days the signalmen were actually men signals. They were attired as the policemen of the period with dress coats buttoned up to the throat, while duck trousers and top hats. They stood at intervals along the line and performed "with their arms their worried brains and two flags" all the duties of the signal posts by which they were superseded. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham and Daniel O'Connell often rode on the railway, according to the diarist for the novelty of the sensation.

Men and Women.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson and Gifford Pinchot, chief of the Forestry Service, have left Washintgon for Montreal, Canada, where degrees of doctor of laws will be conferred upon them by McGill University.

James L. Wilson, who was a United States senator from Washington from 1895 to 1899, filling out an unexpired term, is said to be seriously considering the question of entering the senatorial fight next year for the seat now occupied by Senator Piles.

Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Hirsdansky, noted as one of the foremost Talmudic scholars in the United States, founder of synagogues and a Jewish school, died recently in New York. He was 61 years old, and came to the United States in 1888 from his birthplace, Kovno, Russia.

President Taft's portrait by Sorolla, the noted Spanish painter, has been installed in the famous private art gallery of the President's brother, Charles P. Taft, at Cincinnati. It is not known what price T. P. Taft paid the artist to secure the picture, but it is said to be in five or six figures.

T. Walker, of Minneapolis, who is said to be the largest owner of standing timber in the United States, will probably be a candidate for the United States senate against Senator Moses E. Clapp, whose term will expire in 1911. It is also said that Frank B. Kellogg, of St. Paul, special government prosecutor, will be a candidate.

Barnard College, of New York city, which is allied with Columbia University, has had no woman dean since Miss Laura D. Gill resigned two years ago. Prof. William T. Brewster, of the university, has been acting dean in the interim, but it is wisely proposed to call a woman to the place, when the right one can be found.

One of the old Wide Awakes in Hartford has just passed away, Major Julius T. Rathbun, who was at his death commander of the little band of survivors of that organization, which made its last public appearance at the time of the Lincoln celebration in February. Major Rathbun was too ill to lead the old Wide Awakes at that time.

White Mole Caught.

London Daily Mail.

Cecil Nailor, of Stockcross, Newbury, has captured a pure white mole in a trap. This is one of the rarely recorded instances of true albinism in the mole.

Few animals are more subject to variations of color. There are reference in the zoological archives to such hues as light brown, orange, apricot, buff, cream and amber, but very seldom to albino specimens.

Why Mosquitoes Sting

(A Mohammedan Legend.)

Arthur Guiterman in August St. Nicholas.

When Suleiman the Glorious was judge
of mortal kind,
The frail Mosquitos brought to him a
charge against the Wind:
"O mighty king! whene'er we hold our
harmless dance," said they,
"The Wind comes down from Scanderoon and sweeps us all away!"

Then Suleiman the Glorious gave word
to sky and sea:
"Oh, bid the gipsy Wind appear to controvert the plea!"
Across the hills, across the waves,
across the deserts blown,
The Wind came down from Scanderoon
to plead before the throne.

The Wind came down from Scanderoon
and bent the cedar mast;
The frail Mosquitos whirled away like
chaff upon the blast.
Again they strove to urge their suit
before the palace bar:
Again the throng, like thistledown,
was scattered wide and far.

Once more to mighty Suleiman they
plied the gauzy wing;
"Behold," the spiteful chorus jeered,
"the justice of the king!
The King of Men protects by craft the
Wind who grieves us sore;
The Sons of Men shall pay the fine—
and pay it o'er and o'er!"

And since that long-remembered day,
the shrewd, revengeful clan
With treble shrill and poisoned drill
have wreaked their wrath on Man.

POGROMS

Prince Kropotkin in London Times.

The only significant political murder committed in 1904 (in July) was that of the police dictator, von Plehve. Who Plehve was I need not remind you here. For six weeks or more after that no successor could be found for the post of minister of the interior until Sviatopolk Mirsky accepted it, after Nicholas II had agreed no more to consider the growing demands for political liberty as "absurd dreams." All was hope then in Russia, and of course no political murders took place.

But then came the Sunday of January 22, 1905. Seventy thousand workmen came out at St. Petersburg, with ikons and portraits of the Tsar, to pray their "father" to grant them some liberty. A cold-blooded massacre of these unarmed crowds was, however, prepared a week in advance. "Demain il va y avoir pitpat," the Grand Duke Vladimir said to the ladies at an "at home" on the eve of the "Bloody Sunday," and something like 1,500 or 2,000 men, women and children were shot point blank in the streets.

Then began the great strikes of May, 1905, especially in Poland, culminating in the great, gloomy, general strike of October, which compelled Nicholas to sign, on October 30, a sort of constitutional manifesto and to grant, on November 2, a general amnesty.

Immense manifestations began thereupon in all the main cities of Russia, the crowds rejoicing at a constitution having been obtained without bloodshed. Count Witte was prime minister, but a rival government, under Trepoff and Durnovo, was installed in the palace, and from this government came the orders of dispersing the jubilating crowds and of shooting them down. Something which never has happened anywhere in western Europe happened then in Russia, as M. Obninsky, a member of the first duma, says in a terrible book of statistics he had published in 1906 at Moscow, under the title, A Half-Year of the Russian Revolution. In a hundred different cities mere mobs, so-called "Black Hundreds" came together on some public square, received there the benediction of the clergy, sent telegrams to the palace circles in St. Petersburg, received answers from them, and then went on killing the Jews, the Armenians, the Poles, the Russian members of the Zemstvos and Russian "intellectuals" altogether, under the protection of the military, the local police and the local governors.

For some time I could not believe that such pogroms could have been organized from St. Petersburg by the authorities. Now the evidence is overwhelming. We know that proclamations inciting to pogroms were printed by the gendarmes in the secret police offices, we know from the revelations of these gendarmes themselves that men and officers were sent to know how the leaders of the union of Russian men were petted and given money by the tsar and how they organized murders, wholesale and retail, with the aid of the secret police; and here is the net result which I have before me in a long, very long, list compiled by the Law Review Pravo.

This list is simply horrifying. The constitution manifesto was signed on October 30. The same day took place the pogrom at Tver; the Zemstvo house was burned and 24 persons were wounded. At Moscow, November 2, 30 wounded; Odessa, October 31, November 3, more than 1,000 killed and 5,000 wounded; Kieff, October 31, 150 killed, 300 wounded; Tomsk, November 3, 150 killed and burned, 78 heavily wounded (all these, by the way, and many others are Russian towns); Minsk, 100 killd, 400 woundd; Tiflis, November 2, more than 100

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Circulation Last Week 240,000

A few ideas and 9,776,000 words were used in the tariff debate.

Harry Thaw has been a great money maker for expert witnesses.

When two nations want to go to war they don't let hot weather interfere.

It always does a fellow good to see a woman get off a street car the right way.

The czar has returned home pleased with his visit. Nobody threw a bomb at him.

Vice President Sherman says the tariff bill is all right. He saw it passed.

Rhode Island people crowded over and made room in the state for Senator Aldrich.

King Alfonso's throne may have tottered a little, but not enough to wake the new baby.

Talk about dry territory, in some sections of the state of Georgia kissing is prohibited by law.

There is some talk of abolishing the $2 note. Why not? The fives are much more convenient.

Lincoln, Neb., wants more workers. It has a man who can do all the talking that is necessary.

The good roads proposition will be solved when all the farmers of the country own automobiles.

Mr. Bryan says he is a fixture in Nebraska. Must have given up the idea of going to Washington.

A Pittsburg woman whipped three undertakers who came to "lay her out." She must be eccentric.

"A French scientist says that lying is a disease." It is quite generally prevalent among politicians.

French savants have discovered that the mustache harbors deadly germs. Girls, govern yourselves accordingly.

Has the tariff tinkering reduced the President's weight? It might be well to have an official bulletin on the subject.

London suffragettes kick and bite. If they would stick to the Queensberry rules they would command more respect.

About the only time a married man feels as young as he used to be is when his wife goes away on a vacation.

King Alfonso may find that fighting the Moors is more bother than walking the floor with a baby in either arm.

Hundreds of pretty girls are said to be working in the western wheat fields. The homely ones were not counted.

Spanish pretender Don Jaime, unlike the American politician, doesn't claim that he is pretending for love of the people.

Mr. Harriman's stomach is said to be greatly improved, but he doesn't feel quite well enough to swallow another railroad.

President Taft is going to do considerable traveling when the weather gets cooler. He can't entirely break himself of the habit.

Another blow has been struck at the equal suffrage movement. Somebody has discovered that going into politics makes women's feet larger.

A New Jersey woman wants a divorce because her husband won't talk. It is more probable that her real reason is that he won't listen.

A correspondent sends us proof that the world will not come to an end September 15. But perhaps it will be just as well to wait and see.

A New Jersey woman died and left $10,000 for her dogs and $2,000 for her husband. Bet he will remember that woman as long as the dogs live.

A Virginia minister has a record of having married three thousand couples, but he can't tell how many of them lived happily ever afterward.

The new woman superintendent of the Chicago public schools is 64 years of age, and, with a salary of $10,000 a year, she doesn't care who knows it.

Dr. Eliot's suggestion in favor of a new religion has brought out the hallelujah chorus, and it is singing "the old time religion is good enough for me."

A Michigan judge has decided that a man may spank his wife when it is necessary. Now it will take a judge and a jury to decide when it is necessary.

In St. Louis somebody has sprung the question, "What Is Socialism?" Thousands of answers will be received, and one will be just as good as another.

The new woman superintendent of the Chicago public schools will receive a salary of $10,000 a year. Where does she stand on the income tax proposition?

Before the Panama canal is completed one million cubic yards of dirt will have to be removed. Any man who has ever spaded up a flower bed for his wife will have some idea of what that means.

OWNERS OF AMERICA.

One-fifth of all the wealth of the United States is in the soil. The 5,739,657 separate farms which exist in this country have each an average value of $3,574. Two-fifths of the total wealth is in real estate other than farms, possibly as widely distributed as agricultural property.

These facts being so—the census bureau standing sponsor for them—it is a little difficult to understand how it is that groups of high financiers and sheep-visaged families have come to own from 80 to 99 per cent of all the wealth of America, the percentages varying with the imagination of orators and writers. Trusts and gigantic corporations have reached far, but the farmer and the small holder of realty have so far not been menaced. Their wealth is their wealth whatever political propaganda says to the contrary.

The deposits of savings banks, the holdings in the care of national banks beyond the larger cities and the assets of life insurance companies amount to one-tenth of the national wealth. Again the multi-millionaire appears barred from either ownership or control.

The country in which the good things of the earth are more widely distributed than in this will, of course, be happier, more stable perhaps and more nearly approaching the ideal of economists. But the distribution is really far more equitable than the average citizen believes, some million or so per cent better than politicians and the literary men of the fire alarm school choose to say.

THE STRIKE IN SWEDEN.

The strength of the Socialist movement is brought to a test in the universal strike called by the labor unions of Sweden. A dispute existed between the workers and the cotton and woolen manufacturers. The Employers' association had decided upon a lockout unless a settlement could be arranged by a fixed date.

At this point the government offered to act as mediator. The Employers' association agreed to accept this intervention and the employes were about to do so, it is reported, but were influenced by the Socialists to strike instead.

Many Socialist writers are opposed to strikes as means of obtaining concessions. Also, they fail to agree with ideas about unrestricted production. Mediation must necessarily play an important part in affairs under a Socialist regime. However, in this case, politics more or less indefinite and having a remote application could be set aside for the sake of expediency. An opportunity offered for making a demonstration against the government. The Socialist influence was sufficient to seize it. It remains to be seen whether the government is shaken by it or whether the organizations involved are themselves to suffer.

OPPORTUNITIES SIEZED.

The world-wide depression of 1908 brought about a tremendous falling off in the prices of commodities. A recent report of the department of commerce and labor shows how the manufacturers of this country have taken advantage of these slumps in value.

The average import price of pig copper in June, 1907, was 21.6 cents per pound; in June, 1909, 12.3 cents per pound. Manila hemp in June, 1907, was $202.01 per ton; in June, 1909, $106.58 per ton. Hides in June, 1907, were 15.4 cents per pound; in June, 1909, 12.4 cents. Raw silk in June, 1907, averaged $4.63 pe. pound; in June, 1909, $3.12.

With but few exceptions the quantity of manufacturers' material brought into this country between July 1, 1908, and July 1, 1909, broke all records for imports. The exceptions were in pig tin, lead, cotton and lumber, for which better records can be shown. Just before the Dingley tariff bill became a law, raw wool, which was about to pass from the free to the dutiable list, was rushed across the Atlantic in enormous quantities. This was in 1897 and that record for raw wool importations still stands.

But though the imports of manufacturers' materials were higher in quantity the values were 24 millions below the same group of commodities in 1907, and articles partly manufactured were worth 52 millions less in 1908-1909 than in the fiscal year ending with June 30, 1907.

The manufacturers of this country, it is shown, had the wisdom to invest while prices were low. What is better, they also had the money.

BLONDES AND THE CLIMATE.

The influence of climate upon the human body is little understood. It has been taken as an axiom that a people will thrive and develop strong physique and greatness in the temperate zones. For one who has undergone a few seasons in the tropics allowance is made for a disturbed liver, shattered nerves and a general anaemic condition. It has not until lately occurred to anyone to find injurious qualities of a far-reaching nature in this climate.

Dr. Charles E. Woodruff, an army surgeon, believes he has discovered that blondes are liable to degenerating influences in America. Alcoholism, which takes most of the offenders to Blackwell's island in New York harbor, has made its greatest inroads among blondes. Dr. Woodruff gives as a cause of alcoholism an underlying nervous deterioration and this, he thinks, is brought about by the excess of sunshine, blondes being less able to stand a great amount of light than brunettes. Clinton prison, in which are mostly confined habitual criminals, has a preponderance of blondes. In Sing Sing, on the other hand, the presence of the dark and swarthy is marked, but Sing Sing is used for those who commit crimes against life and has a high percentage of foreigners.

It is undoubtedly true that the brunettes far outnumber the blondes in the United States. The climate is one to which the darker haired and darker skinned folks are best suited. Without the process having been made noticeable the blondes, less able to withstand tuberculosis, alcoholism and the nervous weaknesses which lead to habitual criminality, have been failing in the contest for existence. The climatic law apparently does not affect those born under favorable conditions, but strikes down the offspring of poverty and misfortune. Dr. Woodruff believes that where the blonde "finds the cause of the lack of efficiency and higher death rate and avoids them, he is just as fit for survival as anyone else, and will prove it by surviving.

WHO WILL DODGE IT?

There will undoubtedly be attempts made to dodge the corporation tax. False reports will be given to the internal revenue collector. Earnings will be distributed more widely in the way of additional salaries. A few narrow-sighted companies will turn stock into bonds.

But on the whole the corporation tax will probably be paid honestly. The punishment attending the discovery of the issue of a false report would be far out of proportion to the saving which might be possible. The tax-collecting machinery of the federal government is much better oiled and organized than that of the states and counties. Saloonkeepers notoriously escape the payment of local taxes. They are careful not to invite trouble with Uncle Sam on that score. The corporation tax law leaves much to the honor of corporation officers. Avoidance of the payment of dues will bring down examiners and investigators and all that plague of inspection to which few corporations would be pleased to submit.

Increases in salaries for the purpose of avoiding taxes might open up a vista of undesirable results. A wide difference between the salaries of officers and employes offers labor one of its best arguments. Stockholders who do not themselves draw salary never feel very kindly toward highly paid officials. To policy holders the enormous salaries of the heads of departments seemed as scandalous at the time of the insurance inquiries as the business methods.

To change stock into bonds is to assume a fixed obligation for a privilege and a matter of discretion. It would be the last thing a corporation would think of.

There seems no reason why the tax as it stands will not be easy of collection. There still remains a freedom from oversight and instruction which corporations abroad do not enjoy. Shrewd business men will not invite new troubles.

THE COMING BATTLE.

The program of the regular session of congress includes the fight over the revision of the trust laws—for it will be a fight—and the hopes of the President to make the interstate commerce commission a more effective body.

The anti-trust laws are admittedly insufficient for the purpose for which they were framed. The United States supreme court knocked out the provision of the Hepburn act which was intended to restrain the railroads from seizing and maintaining control of the coal trade. The decision permits the railroads to hold their power over independent producers by the simple expedient of forming subsidiary corporations. The control must be crushed if independent ownership of coal mines is to have a fair show and consumers are to be protected against price combinations. The anti-trust laws, too, contain an element of unfairness in that they hit the good and the bad alike, many large companies which do not operate in restraint of trade suffering injury.

Mr. Taft wishes to alter the character of the interstate commerce commission, making it a judicial institution that can investigate complaints against the carriers, prosecute offenders and enforce its rulings.

The fight will come between the reactionaries, as represented by the forces of Aldrich and Cannon, and the progressives lead by Dolliver, Cummins, Beveridge and Mulvane. The insurgent groups will probably be more certain of the President's support throughout the battle than they were of it during the extra session. Mr. Taft was inclined to trust to the outcome in the conference report and avoided interference until the last moment. There is reason to believe that his policy will be different next winter.

CANNON TO RETIRE.

After all, there may be something in the rumors that Joseph G. Cannon is to retire from public life with the expiration of the sixty-first congress. Representatives Dalzell and Tawney say so, and if these fellow-bosses of the house are not familiar with the plans of the speaker, then nobody in all the world is.

It is quite probable that Joseph G. Cannon could be re-elected speaker. The chances against him, however, are increasing. More and more congressional districts are becoming aware of the iniquitous control of legislation acquired by Cannon and of the dangers in the policies of a one-man power such as Cannon enjoys. Several men who were sent to congress pledged to vote against Cannon ignored their promises once they reached Washington. These men will naturally be opposed for re-election by candidates with whom honor is on speaking terms. Others in congress who are shrewd enough to see the changing sentiments of the times will desert the Cannon camp for that of the insurgents.

Mr. Cannon has passed beyond his usefulness, if his record can show wherein the good he has done his country is not offset by the harm. Before he was chosen speaker he had become known as a consistent opponent of progressive movements. His votes are a chronicle of a battle against advancement. He was against the resumption of specie payments, against the civil service, against the reclamation of arid lands, to name only three great policies in support of which any enlightened statesman would be glad to have his vote recorded. In the sixtieth congress the Cannon rule reached the limit of its obnoxiousness, and in the extra session the speaker was openly in sympathy with every action taken to render the pledges of his party futile.

If Mr. Cannon is to go it will be without regret on the part of the country at large. He represents a form of politics, a brand of politician, which cannot disappear too fast.

TAXES IN GERMANY.

We are accustomed to think of Germany groaning beneath the burden of taxation. Next to France—it is the popular view—the German empire dips deepest into the pockets of the people. The greater part of the news of the Reichstag in the last few years has been of fiery speeches against the application of additional taxes. Von Buelow's fall was due to the heavy budget he brought in and the introduction of new forms of assessment.

Yet, it would seem, there is more of groaning than of burdening in the empire. The citizen of England, of France, of America, or of Italy, pays a higher price for government than the German. Careful estimates of per capita tax show: Great Britain, $22.80; France, $19.68; United States, $19.23; Germany, $11.41, all forms of taxation being considered. Germany maintains the second largest standing army in the world, doubtless the first in efficiency. Her navy is given in the books of reference as third in strength. There is some question if the German navy is not second only to Great Britain. The national debt is enormous.

The secret of taxes held low in spite of extraordinary needs for money must lie in the economy of administration. The mark is made to go as far as a mark can go. Graft is guarded against in contracts as well as in office. Foolish and wasteful expenditure of money is held as a crime against the state.

It would pay those statesmen of ours who are 'really patriotic instead of noisy, and the municipal officers who can practice wisdom as well as claim its possession, to cultivate the methodical mind of the German.

FOOD FROM ABROAD.

Of the seven billion dollars' worth of farm products produced in America last year more than $438,00,000 worth was exported. In the same period the United States imported $328,950,362 of foodstuffs. It is possible for this country to feed itself, but it has a hearty liking for variety. The appeal of the palate is strong.

Most of the importations last year were of articles which we do not raise ourselves, or else raise in insufficient quantities. Seventy-nine million dollars' worth of coffee was brought in. Sugar to the value of $96,554,000 came to us through the customs houses. We bought $5,348,000 worth of spices, $11,012,000 worth of bananas and $14,850,000 of cacao. The sea products amounted to $12,403,000, meat and dairy products $8,968,000, spirits and wines $23,168,000. The rice of Asia is still able to compete with that of the southern states in spite of the tariff.

The farmers last year failed to raise enough oats for the home market, and 6,666,982 bushels were bought abroad. The amount of durum wheat raised here, about 50,000,000 bushels, was also insufficient, it would seem, since the United States imported more than three million dollars' worth of macaroni and vermicelli in 1908-1909, articles manufactured from durum wheat. On the list of imported foodstuffs one will also note 8,388,000 bushels of potatoes and 3,355,000 bushels of dried beans and peas, all of which should come from the fields of American farmers.

THE GUARDIAN.

The purchasers of Philippinue tobacco may take comfort. No disease germ of a high and deadly Asiatic nature will be permitted to come into the country with Manila cigarets and cigars. The government is to see to it that the factories in the islands are rigidly inspected, material kept clean and quality assured. A label almost as good as a guarantee is to be attached. It will amount to Uncle Sam's pledge that the growers have followed the rules of agriculture, the factories have obeyed the laws of decency and no unholy mixture of hemp and cocoanut fibre has been introduced.

There is an old story about the man who wrote to a manufacturer complaining that he had found a suspender buckle in a package of tobacco. The manufacturer wrote back asking if the customer expected an entire pair of trousers thrown in with ten cents worth of plug-cut.

The American factory owner can afford to be superior to complaint. His plant is not subject to inspection. There would be a mighty howl if anyone sought to found a system of the kind. Nor is there a demand for a pledge as to quality, purity and cleanliness. So long as the stamps are affixed Uncle Sam has not a word to say.

How considerate of the federal government to guard us against the abominations and the adulterations of the wily little Filipino.

NOT TO BE PLEASED.

Mr. Taft was bitterly attacked in the first months of the tariff debate because he refused to interfere when he saw the manner in which revision was tending. In quarters which had ridiculed Theodore Roosevelt for his readiness in writing messages and letters of advice and instruction, William Howard Taft was criticised for his silence. The accusations hesitated at no frontier. Cowardly, disloyal, subservient—these were some of the shots fired at the President. A sense of fairness, quite as much as a respect for the truth, was marked by its absence in these snap judgments.

These were the attacks made. What would they have been had the new President opened his administration with a quarrel with congress? Would the critics have been gentle, would they have been just, in the case? What it might have cost Mr. Taft to have invited a conflict with congress it would be easy to surmise. His administration might have proved a failure with its very start. Not only would Mr. Taft have booked himself for retirement from public life, but the causes of his party, the policies of reform and economic changes upon which his heart is set, might have met disaster.

It is doubtful if Mr. Taft would have gained more concessions in the way of tariff regulations had he interfered earlier. When he did speak he spoke to a purpose. The country was behind him, whereas had he sought to influence or to force congress earlier his intentions might have been little understood. Moral support would have been wanting.

There are other fights coming. The experiences of the tariff struggle will be profitable both to the President and to the representatives and senators. But whatever the executive's methods and whatever his successes, he will be vilified. This is the game of our national expostulators.

CORN IS KING.

Eighty-four years ago a farmer living in the upper part of the valley of the Little Miami began examining the yellow corn grown in the country about him for the larger and heavier ears. He sought for ears with small cobs, well filled with regular shaped kernels. Whether he was ridiculed, or whether he was given encouragement by his neighbors we do not know, but the name of this first breeder of corn will always be associated with the history of agriculture in America.

The man was James Leaming. His influence upon the corn crop of today is a thing beyond calculation, for though the improvements since his time bear little resemblance to the original Ohio stock, the Leaming successes inspired other plant breeders, added a thing priceless to the knowledge of agriculturists and laid the foundations of that kingdom wherein people would come to say that Corn was King.

This golden grain is now growing upon close to a hundred million acres, an area greater than all the agricultural land of Germany, an empire of which mighty sovereigns, if they possessed it, would find wondrous excuses for arrogance and bewildering opportunities for asserting personal relationship with the divine. It means an area in which men shall grow products destined to journey to the far corners of the earth, a wealth which will pay the schooling of farmers' children, the clothing of farmers' wives and daughters, in some cases, the purchase of automobiles and tickets for Europe. It spells dividends for railroads, investment in structural steel for city skyscrapers and payment of wages to men in rolling mills and great factories and mercantile houses whose eyes behold the corn in the field not once in a twelve-month.

The August estimate of the corn crop is 2,945,000,000 bushels, comparing with 2,664,000,00 bushels raised last year. The greatest crop of corn ever raised was in 1906, when the yield reached the enormous figure of 2,927,416,091 bushels. Unless drought or excessive rain should come between now and the harvest, the record of this year will lead. The best wheat crop gathered in this country was 784,000,000 bushels, the best of oats 987,842,000 bushels, the record of 1902. The corn crop of the United States this year promises to be within 164,000,000 bushels of the entire wheat crop of the world in the year 1907.

Fifteen or eighteen years ago the farmers of Minnesota and the Dakotas were reported to be burning corn in their stoves because it was cheaper than any other fuel which they could obtain. The price was so low that western agriculturists talked of failure, found difficulty in placing mortgages which would give them sufficient money to live through the winter months and fell easy victims to the sophistries of political quacks. Extreme production ought, in the nature of things, to bring about a depression in prices. Yet, when the report of the department of agriculture was made public last week the closing price of the December future in Chicago showed no falling off from the opening price. There is a ready market for every bushel of corn which the farmers of America can raise, and the market demand increases year by year. About 80 per cent of the corn stays on the farm—or, rather, it stays until it leaves metamorphosed in the form of fat hogs and weighty beef. The remaining 20 per cent is consumed partly in the manufacture of glucose, a large percentage in the making of beer, and enormous quantities in the preparation of cereal foods. New uses for corn are yearly discovered by inventors and the investigators of the agricultural stations. The acreage may be expected to increase, but so will the means of utilization.

Corn is King. No usurper touches the throne. His scepter waves with the winds in more than a million fields. His bounty soon will fill barns and cribs, cause money locked in eastern banks to move westward and bring happiness and comfort and prosperity to countless homes. Long may King Corn reign.

CONQUERING DISEASE.

The Cigarmakers' International union, which has had an average membership of less than 40,000 for ten years, recently reported that in the last twenty-seven years it has spent close upon $4,500,000 for the relief of the sick and disabled and for funeral charges.

At the tuberculosis congress in 1908 the statement was made that consumption costs America the vast sum of $1,100,000,000 every year. This includes an estimate of the loss of earning power and the expenses falling on others besides the victims. Prof. William Osler offers $240,000,000 as a sum practically nearer. Typhoid fever is charged with an annual loss of $283,000,000. The inroads of malaria do damage to the amount of a hundred millions of dollars and the hookworm in South Carolina alone, costs its citizens thirty millions every twelvemonth.

The science of medicine has advanced so far that physicians have ventured the opinion tuberculosis could be conquered in the course of fifteen years if the battle undertaken maintains its front. An English scientist figured that all the known germ diseases could be brought into subjection and virtually rendered innocuous if for fifty years nations would give as much attention and money to the subject as they now give to armaments.

Nearly everyone with a shred of optimism has faith that war will some day cease to exist, though that day may be far distant. It is as easy to believe that the wastage and the unhappiness due to preventable diseases may also cease to be.

Some of Annie Besant's talk makes a fellow feel as if he had gone to bed on something he shouldn't have eaten.

JAPAN AND SUBSIDIES.

Ten years ago the mercantile marine of Japan was one-half of one per cent of the world's total tonnage. Today it is three per cent. Japan has been generous in voting subsidies. Six years ago the tonnage of Japanese vessels plying between points of Japan and Vladivostok was 7,500, of German vessels, 8,000. Now the Japanese tonnage is 28,145 and the German 20,000. Subsidies counted.

Last year James J. Hill announced that no steamer would be built to replace the one lost to the Great Northern. E. H. Harriman, president of the Pacific Mail Steamship company said that the construction of American merchant vessels was "mere patriotic sentiment." The Spreckels line to Australia and New Zealand was abandoned. Among the most prosperous lines of Japan are those which run between home ports and the west coast of America. Japan votes subsidies.

Not until 1884 was there a regular line of Japanese steamers to China. There are now thirteen regular lines of boats to China and three to Korea. In 1903 Japan had 103 steamers in the Korean trade. No foreign line made regular calls to ports of Korea. The Japanese flag now enters harbors in the south Pacific and is seen with frequency in the Suez canal.

Such stimulating examples of the influence of a protective policy toward ocean marine cannot be lost always upon a congress tied to a fetish of words.

FAILING IN PRACTICE.

The theory of the advocates of government ownership of railways is that all discrimination would be done away with, that equipment would be kept in line with the advancement of invention, and that passengers and shippers would find delight where before they had had only annoyances and worries.

When the French rights were taken over at Panama the United States bought control of the Panama railroad and the Panama Steamship company. As the canal work was to be free of politics, such of the personnel as could be useful was retained and the conduct of the lines kept as practicable as possible. The government ownership people should have been pleased with that.

A report has just been made to the President upon the freight charges maintained. It shows that the rate on dry goods from New York to Central America is $21.40 a ton, while goods from Europe are carried for a dollar less. A consignment from New York is made to pay $3.46 a ton to cross the isthmus; if from Europe, $2.77.

Bernard M. Baker, who makes the report, says the rates are inheritances from the former owners. This is, of course, a poor excuse for maintaining them. Several years have been given in which to correct the discriminations. The point is that the government has been slothful, unwatchful, in the case. It should have been the duty of Washington to have discovered the unfair practices. But it didn't. Nor would it be any more likely to keep a sharp eye upon officers if all the railroads were government owned. Discriminations of the most wanton injustice exist now in several sections of the country. How many years after the lines were taken over by the federal authorities—if they should be—would it be before shippers were all treated alike?

CARING FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN.

The fight between the secretary of the interior and the chief forester has narrowed to a dispute as to legal authority. Mr. Pinchot and James R. Garfield, secretary of the interior under President Roosevelt, were in perfect accord as to the conservation of national resources. In his last report Mr. Garfield wrote:

The public domain has been placed by congress under the interior department, and ample authority is vested in the chief executive and the secretary of the department to take such action as is necessary to care for the public domain. During many years the executive has, in the exercise of this geneeal authority, withdrawn at different times and for various purposes areas of the public domain and for the time being prevented those areas from being entered for private uses. Full power under the constitution was vested in the executive branch of the government and the extent to which that power may be exercised is governed wholly by the discretion of the executive unless any specific act has been prohibited either by the constitution or by legislation.

Mr. Ballinger differs entirely with these views. It is his opinion that the executive department can do nothing at all unless it is approved in the regulations and the statutes. He, therefore, caused 180,000,000 acres of land, which had been withdrawn from entry to be thrown open.

Mr. Ballinger may be right. It is well for an administrative officer to hold the law in awe. But there is an appearance of over zeal in Mr. Ballinger's decision. The action he took was at a time when congress was too busy with the tariff bill to consider other matters. Part of the land he placed upon the entry lists is heavily forested, part of it is said to be coveted by a western water power combination of which the Guggenheims' are the promoters. There seems no occasion for Mr. Ballinger's haste. He could have waited a few months until congress met, when authority for the withdrawal might have been given properly and in accordance with the hair-splitting secretary's views. The forest reserves have lost 180,000,000 acres. It remains to be seen if the far west finds itself an iota the gainer by it.

Mr. Ballinger has been interpreting his authority over the reclamation service, also. A dispatch from one of the irrigation districts reports the service demoralized. The new secretary of the interior appears to be out after a reputation.

FATHER AND SON.

A periodical which keeps a sympathetic eye upon youngster with ambition and thrift, tells of a Nebraska boy who persuaded his father to let him have ten acres for his own cultivation. The boy went in for seed corn and at the close of the season had cleared $400. The father's crop, by comparison, was a failure. This, says the periodical, "led to a quarrel."

It is difficult to understand how a parent of such a son could bring himself to quarrel. Whatever the boy's temperament, however much he might have gloated, or however he assumed the airs of superiority, it would seem that a father's pride in his offspring would prevent quarreling. Few fathers escape the necessity of making concessions to their children, or making allowances for their immaturity. Parenthood has been described as a furnace of sacrifices. It should be sacrifices in temper, in graver judgment, and self-esteem as well as in things material.

INSANITY NOT ADJUSTABLE.

It is a comfort to know that homicidal insanity is not an armor to be shifted at will. A criminal may not be crazy for purposes of escaping the electric chair and still avoid that oversight and segregation which in the opinion of the world should be the lot of the diseased in mind.

The verdict in the second trial of Harry Thaw will always appear a miscarriage of justice to the majority of people. He was sent to Matteawan, a sentence for which his lawyers pleaded. But the young murderer was hardly locked up before action was brought by his attorneys to gain his release as one free of stain or taint of insanity. The legal subterfuges and strategies employed are somewhat confusing to the layman. The early attempts were unsuccesful and it is a pleasure to learn that the later and harder fought motion was equally as futile. Not alone should Thaw be retained in confinement for the good of society, but it would be injurious to the respect in which the law is held if a millionaire should escape responsibility for his crime, where one no more guilty, but without money, must live out his life behind walls and bars.

A disturbing point about the Thaw hearing is that the attorneys of the prisoner can continue indefinitely to appeal for writs of habeas corpus and can prolong the struggle so long as the murderer of Stanford White lives, or, at least, so long as he has a dollar left.

An Ohio preacher complains that he has been reduced to a bread and water diet. But he should hold fast to the faith. As soon as the members of his flock are through harvesting they may get up a donation party for him.

Mrs. Anne Bessant says there is going to be a great thirst in the hereafter. If that's the case, we suppose those familiar words, " a little more of the same, please," are going to echo through eternity without eliciting a response.

According to the judge, one sign of Thaw's insanity was that he believed all his wife told him. Probably it is true that we are all more or less crazy.

The little shah of Persia doesn't want to be a king. He would rather play marbles with the boys around the corner.

A Man at Eighty.

Philadelphia Record.

Among the octogenarians of this section of the state there are a few who can talk so interestingly of ye olden times as Charles Schmoyer, veteran of the Army of the Potomac, iron ore miner, carpenter and farmer, of this borough, who says that "the world is going to the dogs sure, on account of the young people disliking to work, sleeping too little and spending too much money."

Mr. Schmoyer was a giant in his younger days, both in stature and in strength. To handle 300-pound barrels of sugar and shoulder a three-bushel bag of grain were child's play for him, and it took only a portion of his prodigious strength to lift a barrel of cider to his knees and enjoy a draught out of the bunghole.

Mr. Schmoyer says: "Those were good old days. Men were healthy and strong then. We weren't bothered by style and fashions, either, for we attended church and Sunday school barefooted, without coats, collars or ties. That was real comfort. At battalions we boys got 5 cents spending money, and at vendues, or public sales, only 3 cents, but we enjoyed that little more than the boys nowadays do $5.

"No judgment notes in those days—oh, no. The people were honest then, and a little scratch on a beam or upon the chimney was enough. Children get their too quick now, and rule the parents, whereas in my days it was nothing for a 21-year-old son to be whipped by his father. Yes, the world is growing worse, and the trouble lies with the young people."

RAVENS AND THE HAPSBURGS

How the Bird Appears in History of Austrian Royal Family.

Westminster Gazette.

Henri de Weddel tells the story of the late Empress Elizabeth and the ravens which Maurus Jokai gave in an article at the time of her majesty's tragic death.

Early in her life Elizabeth wrote some verses in Hungarian on the subject of the raven, the bird of ill omen, which plays a great part in the history of the Hapsburgs. According to the imperial poetess a flight of ravens was hovering over Olmutz when Francis Joseph received from his uncle's hands the crown which was destined to inflict upon him such miseries.

A raven followed Maximilian and Charlotte on their last walk before their departure for Mexico, and when Maria Christina was starting to receive the crown of Spain, which was one day to be so grievous a burden, a raven flew over the horses' heads and accompanied the carriage to the railway station. These incidents were the subject of the poem.

Mocking Birds in Massachusetts.

Boston Globe.

The coming of a mocking bird to Massachusetts is so rare that even those who have made a study of birds are apt to be puzzled by the unfamiliar visitor. To such persons it will be of interest to learn that a pair of mocking birds are making Duxbury their summer home this year. They were first noticed about three weeks ago, when they made themselves at home about a house in the southern part of the town. The beauty of the songs brought neighbors to watch them. In a few days they left the place, having apparently found more to their liking a swamp near by at the bottom of an apple orchard.

Two enthusiastic nature students spent an afternoon under these trees, and they were rewarded by abundant opportunities for observing the birds which left no doubt as to their identity. Their nest is probably in the thicket of the swamp, but no one wants to risk disturbing them by hunting for it. They have improved their visit to the north by increasing their repertoire and have added imitations of several northern birds to the long list of songs they already had.

Breton Birthday Party.

London Evening Standard.

A birthday party of 147 men, women and children, all the direct decendants of an old lady 100 years of age, gathered upon the 100th birthday of Mme. Anne le Cleach in the little village of Gullvinec in Finisterre this week.

The old lady, who is a widow now, was married at 15. She had fourteen children, six of whom are still alive. Mme. le Cleach's oldest granddaughter has herself been a grandmother for seven years. The whole family form rather more than a third of the inhabitants of their village and Mme. le Cleach, who enjoys the best of health, knows every one of them by sight and name.

Varieties

In India there are nearly 26,000 widows.

A full-grown cat has 30 teeth, while a dog has 42.

The earliest telegraph records were four or five words a minute.

Some authorities say the flounder has only a codfish with a flattened head.

About 10,000 beds are required to hold London's sick and maimed.

A nursery for the children of patients is connected with a Glasgow theatre.

Out of a total of 18 south pole expeditions nine have been British.

Nearly 200,000,000 people of India are dependent on the soil for existence.

In the last 10 years 325,000 persons have emigrated from England to the farms of Canada.

Twenty thousand dollars' worth of rose leaves were imported during a decade ending 1908.

Lake Superior is the largest mass of fresh water in the world, being equal to Ireland in area.

At a rose competition in Paris recently, 69 entirely new varieties of roses were exhibited.

Australian boomerangs and boleguns are both now seen in the New York shop window.

Germany, Great Britain and the United States produce four-fifths of the world's supply of pig iron.

Frederick the Great had tender feet and used to have an old double wash broke in new boots for him.

French theatres receiving government subsidy are obliged to give a free performance every year.

Canada produces nearly one-half of the world's supply of maple sugar, about 18,000,000 pounds annually.

The longest pipeline in the world is that which extends from the Oklahoma oil wells to New York harbor.

Havana has 400 different kinds of food fish, while England all around has only 50 sorts of food fish.

Illinois has more rural routes than any other state in the union. Ohio, Iowa and Indiana follow in the order named.

To build a tunnel under the English channel, according to present prices, would entail an expenditure of $150,000,000.

More than $300,000 worth of birds were imported into this county during the year 1908. They were largely parrots and canaries.

Three billion herring are caught every year out of the North sea and Atlantic alone, to say nothing of the rest of the world.

In 1907 no fewer than 444,121 pounds of crude opium (for medicinal purposes) and 151,916 pounds of smoking opium were imported in this country.

The death records of the railroads have been lessened materially recently as a result of the compulsory adoption of safety devices and systems.

About 60 miles from Melbourne, Australia, there have been discovered government lands deposits of some 1,000,000 tons of good black coal.

A movement has been set on foot in Calcutta to erect a statue to Lord Kitchener, in commemoration of his tenure of office as commander-in-chief in India.

Germany, Austria and Hungary have established museums in Constantinople for the display of samples of various manufactures that interest the Turk.

No fewer than 206 persons lost their lives in the mines of Lancashire, England, last year, as against an average annual mortality of 140 in recent years.

The capture of bluefish from New Jersey to Monomoy during a season is 1,000,000, averaging six pounds. Bluefishing on the New England coast lasts 120 days.

Exports of manufacturers from New York city are increasing rapidly, and the present rate the total exports this year will not be less than $100,000,000 in value.

There is no malaria in the Barbados because of the absence of mosquitoes which are eaten while still larvae by the beneficent profusion of little fish called "millions."

These two battleships authorized the last congress, which will be laid down next fall, will carry heavier batteries than any other warships afloat or ordered by any nation.

There are valuable race horses in England which have teeth filled with gold. It is too risky to have such horses suffer, and go off their feed when racing time approaches.

According to official figures, the number of merchant marine steamers in Japan at the end of last year was 1,618. Of these, 101 were steamers of more than 3,000 tons.

On the shores of Cape Cod there were during a period of 20 years following 1851 as many as 1,000 wrecks of vessels carrying precious cargoes of human beings and of freight.

An old Scotswoman was advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon. She answered, briskly: "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

The aluminum coins issued to Nigeria, East Africa, and Uganda during 1907 and 1907 have been found unsuitable for such tropical climates and are being replaced by nickel bronze coins.

At present the monastery of St. Bernard costs about $9,000 a year to keep. This money is partly collected in Switzerland and partly derived from the revenue of the monastic order.

Residents of the cork regions of Spain heat the bark in kettles and smoke through which issues a gas that is used as an illuminant. The refuse is sold as the "Spanish black" pigment.

Ten years ago the St. Paul building, a tall office building on Broadway, was the tallest in New York, and its 308 feet of altitude looked on with wonder. Now it attracts no particular attention.

A patent has been granted in Germany on a starch, insoluble in hot water and unaffected by strong alkalies, which is useful as a filler in plastic compositions and in the manufacture of paper.

The Oberammergau passion plays will be given next year, from May 11 to September 25. The burgomaster issued a notice the other day reminding the actors that they must now let their hair grow long.

Concrete, when brought into contact with water, steadily acquires compactness and resistant power until it attains its maximum in those qualities, which it retains indefinitely and without deterioration.

A dentist surgeon expresses the opinion in the Dundee Advertiser that the chief cause of the increase of dental troubles in recent years is that the bread now generally used is made from roller-ground flour.

In 1905 the average daily prison population of Russia was 85,000. Last February it had increased to 181,137. The great majority of the inmates are political offenders, confined without trial or hope of being heard.

The value of transportation issued by railway postal clerks at 2 cents a piece would be $12,500,000, according to the annual report of the postmaster general, which states that these men traveled 94,000,000 miles last year.

The most spectacular fire ever witnessed in the oil industry was at one of the Dos Bocas wells in Mexico. About 40,000 barrels of oil was burned up daily for nearly two months. The flames rose to heights of 800 to 1,400 feet.

The great telescope of the Paris exposition of 1900, which was built at a cost of $150,000, is now offered for sale by the receiver of the exposition at about one-tenth of its cost. Its housing requires a building 130 feet long.

There is a falling off in the number of immigrants landing at the port of New York. Poland and Italy are now sending the most, and the figures show that while 28,213 from these countries landed in June there were 50,411 in May.

A Swedish geologist has explained in his government the reason for his prediction that all the world's supply of coal will be exhausted in fifty years. There is more than one-tenth of the deposits, he says, are in the United States.

Shanghai has its first motor house-boat. It is capable of developing fourteen horse power. For the ordinary house-boat which have been in use in China for hundreds of years six rowers are usually employed, at 20 cents a day each.

Post houses on Roman roads were erected every five or six miles. Each of them was constantly provided with fifty horses and a hundred mules a day was an easy journey. Any one using these posts must show a mandate from the emperor.

Whalebone cost only 35 cents a pound half a century ago. Today it costs $5 a pound. The total product has been from the American fisheries during the nineteenth century exceeded 30,000,000 pounds. A single whale may yield up to 3,000 pounds.

A sum of $4,620 was paid at Christie's, London, for a set of ten Chippendale mahogany chairs, the backs pierced with a shell and carved with foliage and conventional scrolls, which at one time were, it is believed, in the possession of Marie Antoinette.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

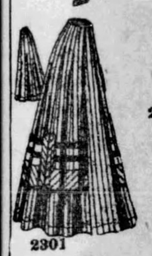
Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2986

2775

2983

3009


2301

2857

2462

2845

2275

2644

2986—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Heavy linen, madras, lawn or taffetas make up well in this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2775—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist with Fancy Yoke. A very pretty model for fine lawn or china silk. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2983—Girls' Dress, with Princess panel and long or three-quarter sleeves. A very neat model for school wear. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

3009—Girls' Semi-Princess Dress. An excellent model for best wear developed in silk, challis or organdie. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2301—Ladies' Fifteen-Gored Flare Skirt, with or without trimming bands. A neat model for serge, plain or striped flannel or mohair. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2857—Ladies' Seven-Gored Tucked Skirt. Any of the season's suitings are adaptable to this model. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2462—Girls' and Childs' Night-Gown, with high or Dutch neck and long or short sleeves. Any of the sheer white materials or flannel or flannelettes are adaptable to this little garment. 8 sizes—2 to 16 years.

2845—Ladies' Corset-Cover. A good model for nainsook, jaconet, or Persian or Victoria lawn. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2275—Ladies' Jumper Dress in instep length, with Princess panel at front and back, and a yoke guimpe having three-quarter length sleeves. Black dotted mull was used for this charming model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2644—Misses' and Girls' Sailor Suit, with or without yoke facing. The blouse slipped over the head having long seamless shoulders in regulation naval style, and a removable shield and the seven-gored skirt closing at left side of front. Adaptable to heavy linen, duck, serge or flannel. 5 sizes—9 to 17 years.

2759

2783

2923

2891

2998

2997

2529

2208

2042

3006

2759—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, closing at front. Sheer white batiste was used for this pretty waist. 7 sizes, 32 to 44.

2783—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, closing at back and having seven-eighths sleeves. Black taffetas with trimming of hand embroidery make this a charming model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2923—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with permanent turn-down collar and sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands and knickerbockers. Navy blue flannel was used for this dainty model. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2891—Girls' and Childs' Dress, with Princess panel and with or without removable chemisette. The model here illustrated was developed in pale pink mercerized poplin. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

2998—Ladies' Skirt, with seven-gored yoke upper part and plaited flounce lower part. An excellent model for heavy linen, pongee, taffetas or serge. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2997—Misses' Five-Gored Skirt with plaited flounce. Navy blue serge was used for this stylish skirt. 3 sizes, 15 to 17 years.

2529—Girls' Tucked Apron, with front and skirt portion in one. Nainsook, Jaconet, Persian or Victoria lawn or cambric make up well in this little apron. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

2208—Boys' Blouse or Shirt Blouse, with or without back yoke facing and permanent turn-down collar. A neat little model for any of the season's shirtings. 5 sizes—5 to 13 years.

2042—Ladies' Mother Hubbard Apron with high or low Neck and long sleeves or oversleeves. Green-and white checked gingham was used for this serviceable garment. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

3006—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Coat, in 43-inch length and with or without shawl collar. An excellent model for serge, cheviot or broadcloth. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

DON'T SEND ME A CENT.

as I am going to give away at least one-hundred-thousand pairs of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearers, in the next few weeks—on one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be, read the finest print in your bible with them on, thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and if they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days you can keep them forever without a cent of pay and

JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonderful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on this easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle-wearer (no children need apply) and want to do me this favor, write me at once and just say: "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Home Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your Handsome 10-karat gold Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—Dr. Haux, (Personal), Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE:—The above is the largest Mail Order Spectacle House in the world and is perfectly reliable.

DAIRY JOBS IN DANGER

Standard Oil in Field to Offer Cowless Products.

New York, August 14.—Despite its denial that it intended to enter the field of dairying, the Standard Oil company broke ground yesterday at Bayonne, N. J., for the erection of a $60,000 building in which, when completed, will be installed $300,000 worth of machinery for the purpose of turning petroleum into butter.

At 26 Broadway complete ignorance of the subject was pleaded, but it is known that the machinery has been stored in the works of the Tidewater Oil company, at Constable Hook, for some time, and it is but a question of months when the farmers may be called upon to engage in a fight similar to that they waged against the producers of oleomargarine.

It is too early to predict that the cow is on her way to join the dodo as the process to be employed by the Standard Oil Co. is a secret. Pessimists who learned of the new enterprise which the Standard is said to have embarked upon, were prone to believe that the dairying interests will soon have to face starvation, but they forget that the cow may still be utilized for beef, and, possibly milk and cream, for there is no intimation that the present step of the Standard marks the exclusion of these three necessities.

Instead of the trim little dairymaid or the equally untrimmed hired man, we may yet have as the medium between the cowless dairy and the consumer a licensed engineer, say the pessimists.

NO REST FOR BIDDY.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., August 14.—The day of the 300-egg hen is close at hand, in the belief of the delegates to the American Poultry association, now in convention here. There is a record already of a hen that has laid 285 eggs in a barred Plymouth Rock; a white Leghorn was a good second with 279. With the advance made in the last few years, poultry men are confident that a large percentage of fowls will be laying 300 eggs a year regularly within five years. The ordinary barnyard fowl seldom lays more than 50.

FEAR CAR SHORTAGE

Railroad Men Predict a Serious Scarcity.

Chicago, August 14.—Intimation that a severe shortage in freight cars may be expected within a few weeks, if the present reductions in car surpluses continue, is voiced today in the bimonthly statement of the American Railway association. According to this report a total car surplus of 207,173 is noted in the period from March to August, this year, which is a decrease of 36,181 cars. Of the decrease 12,575 are box cars and 17,189 coal and gondola cars.

The reduction, which is the largest since September, 1908, brings the surplus 74,448 cars below the corresponding period last year, the decrease being chiefly in coal and gondola cars. The general reduction affects the whole country, with the exception of that section including the states of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas, where a considerable increase in box cars, assembled in anticipation of the movement of the enormous crops just harvested or to be harvested, offsets the decrease in other kinds of cars.

CLIMBS JUNGFRAU ON A BET

Pittsburger Goes 13,670 Feet as Result of Wager.

Geneva, August 12.—J. B. Suffolk, of Fittsburg, surprised himself and the relatives with whom he is making a tour of Europe by making the ascent of the Jungfrau, 13,670 feet, one of the highest and most difficult mountains in Switzerland. Suffolk never climbed a hill before in his life, yet he undertook this expedition as the result of chaff and a wager. With his guide the American tyro spent a night in an Alpine hut and next morning stood on the summit of the Jungfrau.

HONOR SHIP PLAGUE VICTIMS

Irishmen Will Dedicate Monument at Grosse Isle.

Montreal, August 14.—Leading Irishmen and members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Canada and nearby states to the number of 10,000 are expected to participate Sunday in the dedication of a monument on Grosse Isle to the 8,000 Irish victims of the ship fever plague of 1847-48, who lie buried there. Papal Delegate Sharetti and other high church dignitaries, and Mathew Cummings, of Boston, president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, will attend.

HARRY THAW INSANE

Declares Family History, Past Conduct and Manner in Court Show Millionaire Is Not Fit to Be at Large.

White Plains, N. Y., August 12.—Justice Mills handed down a decision this morning declaring that Harry K. Thaw is insane. He dismisses the writ of habeas corpus under which Thaw endeavored to secure his release from Matteawan and remands him to the custody of the state authorities at that institution.

In the judge's decision, not one of the many contentions made by Thaw during the three weeks of his recent hearing were sustained. He is, however, somewhat better off than before he brought the present suit, because Justice Mills, in his decision, suggests—and the suggestion amounts practically to orders—that Thaw, at Matteawan, be restored to the privileges he enjoyed during the first three months of his stay there and that his mother be allowed all possible privileges and treated with every consideration when she calls to see him.

Thaw will remain at the jail at least until tomorrow, when his attorney will be given a chance to make any formal motions before Justice Mills at his chambers in Mount Vernon.

The prisoner took the decision coolly. His only statement was a denial of the assertion in the court's opinion that he still cherished the same delusions that drove him to shoot White.

Justice Mills' Conclusions.

After discussing the evidence, Justice Mills draws the following conclusions:

"The insanity with which Harry K Thaw was afflicted on June 25, 1906, at the time he committed the homicide, was of the kind known as chronic, delusive insanity, or paranoia. This conclusion rests upon the following facts, which appear to me to be clearly proven:

"There was, in his ancestral stock, a substantila, but not very strong trace of insanity. By 'not very strong' is meant the fact that no one of his direct ancesters was ever insane. Upon the maternal side two uncles were of unsound mind, each at least for a portion of his life; and on his father's side an aunt was at least an epileptic and, perhaps, insane; and some more remote relatives were undoubtedly insane, though as to them the evidence is not clear, but there had been insanity in one of their ancestral lines not common to the prisoner's own descent.

"As a young child he was physically weak and puny, excedingly nervous and abnormally wakeful. Older, he was subject to violent spells, amounting almost to paroxyisms of excitement without naturally adequate cause. He attended various schools for different periods from the age of 6 upwards, but made little progress in study. While at school, especially in his earlier years, he had frequent outbreaks of uncontrollable excitement, in which his facial appearance was wild and staring.

Evelyn Nesbit and White.

"About 1901 he became enamored of a young woman, Miss Nesbit, whom he afterwards married. She was then by common reputation, well known to him, the mistress or a mistress of Stanford White. She soon assumed that relation to Thaw and obviously, to account to him for her former position with White, told him various wild and grossly improbable stories of the inception of that relation. Although he, Thaw, evidently was himself far from a moral man, and was then engaged, or soon thereafter became engaged in practices of a perverted character, as revealed by the testimony of the Merill woman, which, with the corroboration afforded by other evidence in the case, appears credible, he gave absolute credence to the tales told him by Miss Nesbit about White.

"He obtained similar information as to White's conduct with a few other young women, either directly from them or through Miss Nesbit, all of which information was of the same wild and improbable character, evidently, to any normal mind, grossly exaggerated. To all, however, he gave implicit belief. His mind became absolutely possessed with these stories. He not only believed them in their entirety, but he deduced from them conclusions as to the practices of White far beyond what such belief, in a normal mind, would warrant.

"From the charges separately made by those few admittedly immoral women, he concluded that White maintained several places in New York city where he accomplished, by force or by drugs, the ruin of respectable young American girls, as it were, by the wholesale. Such belief, to such extreme extent, was plainly a delusion.

"His delusions as to the practices of White were not shaken by the failure of the investigations made by the detectives and public authorities; and his delusive belief in his special mission continued to possess his mind. In that mental mind, at the roof garden, he came into the presence of White, doubtless unexpectedly, and publicly shot him to death in a spectacular and theatrical manner. In so doing he believed that he was acting as the agent of Providence and performing a praiseworthy act, like that of David in slaying Goliath, or St. George in killing the dragon."

Regarding Thaw's suspicions of a conspiracy against him by his early counsel, the court says: "Such belief, that is as to the purpose, was utterly without the least foundation and a clear delusion."

Verdict Was Warranted.

"All this," continues Justice Mills, "according to the weight of expert testimony, is plainly the history of a paranoiac. This court concludes, therefore, that Thaw's insanity at the commission of the homicide was of the kind known as paranola, and not at all of the 'brain storm'—sane half a minute before and sane half a minute after—variety, if any such variety really exists.

"The verdict of the jury was plainly warranted by the evidence, not merely as an expression of reasonable doubt, but even as an affirmative finding of the fact of insanity.

"Harry K. Thaw has not yet recovered from his insanity above stated and defined. This determination is made upon the following grounds:

"First ground: All the experts agree that in a case of true paranola recovery is very doubtful.

"Second ground: The court is disposed to pay great respect to the opinion of the hospital authorities here—of Dr. Baker, the hospital physician having had actual charge of Thaw there. All such authorities are public officers, with no conceivable motive except to do their duty.

"Third ground: In view of leading traits of paranola, the lay testimony given by so many entirely respectable and credible witnesses, showing rational conduct on the prisoner's part in the Tombs, at Matteawan and in the Dutchess and Westchester county jails, is not of commanding force.

"Fourth ground: The testimony of the alienists called for the state, as to the present condition, seems to me, upon the whole, more convincing than that of those called for the prisoner.

"Fifth ground. Upon my own personal observation of the conduct of Thaw, his actions and speech in the court room, both on and off of the witness stand, I have been impressed that he is now of unsound mind. He was exceedingly nervous and very frequently interrupted his counsel with suggestions. Upon his examination it became evident, even by his own admission, that he holds his former beliefs as to the evil practices of White, just as extremely and just as strongly today as ever. If those beliefs constituted delusions in his mind when he committed the homicide, they are the same now. While he has no more evidence against White than he had then, it is all of the same character and neither alone nor with what he previously had warrants his extreme convictions. In the latter part of his examination, when he was striving mightily to defend his delusive beliefs, his facial appearance seemed to me not to be that of a sane person.

"Third conclusion. The enlargement of Harry K. Thaw would be dangerous to the public peace and safety, and therefore cannot be permitted."

Treatment Too Severe.

Passing to the question of Thaw's treatment in the asylum Justice Mills says:

"While paying this high regard to Dr. Baker the court is, by no means satisfied with the treatment which Thaw has received at Matteawan since his return there in October last, after his unsuccessful attempt in the courts then to obtain his freedom. No one could help being greatly moved by the deep and manifestly unfeigned distress of the mother when, as a witness, she narrated that treatment, telling how, after his reutrn in October last to the institution, he was refused his former comfortably furnished room, compelled nightly to undress in the ward in the presence of 50 or more unquestioned lunatics, to pass then through the infirmary, between rows of cots with the sick in them, to his room, with the bed as its sole article of furniture, and remain there in darkness 10 hours, from 8 p. m.

"It must be understood that Thaw is not at the hospital as a criminal to undergo punishment. The jury, the supreme authority in the matter, has, by its verdict, declared him innocent of any crime in the matter of homicide; and their verdict must be respected, at least by all public officials. In the hospital he must be regarded as an unfortunate person afflicted with mental derangement, there not to be punished for any crime, but solely to be cared for, protected and guarded so that he may not injure another or himself, but always with the distinct hope that he may ultimately be cured, however great or small that hope may really be.

"It is well, doubtless, that care should be exercised by the authorities that Thaw be not favored because of the wealth and social position of his family. It is equally well, however, that care be exercised that he be not treated any worse upon those accounts.

"I venture to suggest to the authorities there that, when he is returned to their custody the privileges, so-called, which he was permitted to enjoy in his first three months' stay there, be restored to him, if such a procedure be not found to be clearly incompatible with due discipline; and, further, that his venerable and most estimable mother be, at all times, treated with the utmost possible consideration. Her sorrowful condition commands the profound sympathy of every normal mind.

"Having, out of consideration for the mother's feelings," continues Justice Mills, "permitted her, as a witness to make, at will, a plea for her son and in so doing to give certain incompetent testimony which embraced criticisms of Mr. Jerome, I deem it my duty to say that those criticisms seem to me to be mistaken and unwarranted, although doubtless sincere. In the very complete record before me I find no evidence of any heartlessness or undue zeal upon his part. If he made the remark remembered by Mrs. Thaw, to the effect that he hoped her son would never be released from Matteawan, I am confident that it was made as the expression not of a hope, but of a conviction that he would not recover."

Takes the News Coolly.

Harry K. Thaw received the news today of the failure of his second attempt to obtain discharge from Matteawan with slight display of emotion. His manner indicated that he had expected an adverse decision.

The information was brought to him first in his cell, in the local jail, by the Associated Press representative.

"Have you heard Justice Mills' decision?" he was asked.

"No," said Thaw, without moving from his chair.

A copy of the court's opinion was handed to him. He read it rapidly and without comment until he came to the following sentence:

"If those beliefs constituted delusion in his mind, when he committed the homicide they are the same now."

"That's not so," he said, and marked the lines with his pencil.

Thaw was smoking his pipe when he got the news and as he read he puffed faster and faster until the air about him was a cloud of smoke. In no other way did he show any perturbation. He referred questioners as to his future plans to his attorney.

Later a statement from Thaw came indirectly from the jail physician, Dr. William J. Meyers, who testified at the hearing that Thaw was perfectly sane.

Thaw told him, Dr. Meyers said, that while he was disappointed by Justice Mills' decision he had no intention of giving up the fight. "I am determined to make my final effort to secure a trial by jury," said Thaw. "Many things have been done in this case that should not have been done, and much has been left undone. But I have been in the hands of my counsel throughout.

"I am more sorry for my mother than for anybody else," Thaw continued. "When I first got the news of Justice Mills' decision I called my sister Alice on the telephone and asked her to give my mother the news, but to soften the shock of it as much as possible.

"My fight is now centered upon appeal to the court of appeals through which I hope to secure a hearing before a jury."

Dr. Meyers said Thaw was taking the decision calmly and was in no danger of breaking down.

TWO KILLED, 40 HURT

Benzine Blows Up on Russian Submarine.

St. Pethersburg, August 14.—A serious explosion today in the engine room of a Russian submarine anchored in the Neva river resulted in the killing of two men and the infliction of more or less serious injuries upon 30 or 40 others.

A dozen machinists and workmen still remain imprisoned in the vessel and fears are entertained that they have been asphyxiated by gases from the fuel supplies.

Among the injured is Joseph Mitch, of Bridgeport, Conn., who came over to St. Petersburg with Simeon Lake, who is fulfilling a contract for submarines with the Russian government. The other Americans engaged in the work with Mr. Lake are safe.

The shell of the submarine was only slightly damaged by the explosion and the vessel is still afloat. The motors still are running, access to them being barred by the flames.

The explosion, which occurred during the trial of the benzine motor preparatory to acceptance by the admiralty, is ascribed to the carelessness of the machinists, who ignited the benzine supply.

The boat on which this accident occurred is of the "Crocodile" type, one of four being constructed for the government by Mr. Lake. It had a displacement of 480 tons, 1,200 horsepower and a speed of 15 knots, and was built in St. Petersburg.

Mr. Lake, assisted by American engineers, is now in St. Petersburg superintending the completion of his contract.

ZION TO HAVE A DOCTOR NOW

Dowie's "Hellish Medicine Chest" Comes to Town.

Chicago, August 11.—Zion City is to have a physician, likewise a drug store, and, by way of adding to the complications which followed the recent invasion of the Methodists and Baptists, the town is on the verge of a commercial upheaval.

The statement is made that within ten days a regular doctor will appear in the city. He will hang his shingle in front of the hotel. The physician plans, also to open a drug store not far from Shiloh Tabernacle, from the platform of which the late Dr. Dowie frequently declaimed against the "hellish" medicine chest and the "demon" medical man.

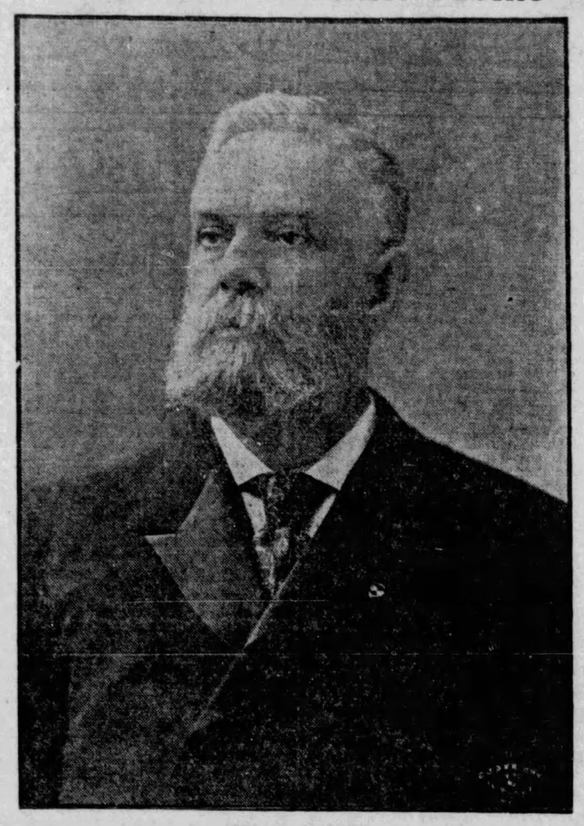
TAMMANY AFTER JEROME

Boss Murphy Would Consent to Nomination.

New York, August 14.—Tammany is reported to be flirting desperately with William Travers Jerome in the hope that it can nail his colors to its mast with a nomination for his own reelection as district attorney.

Jerome is about the highest card in the New York political deck and Tammany always was a good gambler. According to the reports in political circles, under strong pressure from the Sullivans and their powerful district leaders, Charles F. Murphy has overcome his personal dislike for Jerome to the extent of consenting to his nomination. Jerome will, it is declared, accept the nomination from Tammany and the fusion nomination if it is offered.

Died at His Summer Home


COL. A. A. POPE.

COL. A. A. POPE IS DEAD

Was the Pioneer Manufacturer of Bicycles.

Colonel Albert A. Pope, the pioneer bicycle manufacturer of the United States, and well known as one of the first advocates of the existing good roads system, died August 10 at his summer home in Cohasset, near Boston.

Colonel Pope had been in ill health for months, due to the breakdown of his nervous system which followed the financial embarrassment of his two big manufacturing concerns, which owned and operated six plants.

Served in Civil War.

Albert A. Pope was born May 20, 1843. He entered the civil war service in August, 1862, and won his way upward to the rank of captain and major. At the end of the conflict he was breveted lieutenant colonel for meritorious conduct in battle.

Just after the close of the war Colonel Pope, with money saved from the soldier's pay, began his business career in Boston at Book Square. It was afterward continued at Pearl street and at 45 High street. The Pope Manufacturing company was organized in 1876, and was at first interested in the handling of small patented articles, among which the air pistol was a leader.

The management, just at the time more business was needed, stumbled on the bicycle idea. Col. Pope had paid a visit to the centennial exposition in Philadelphia in 1876 and there saw some English wheels. He subsequently paid a visit to the factory in England and succeeded in bringing to this country a workman who had been employed there. The first wheel made in America for Col. Pope cost him just $313. That bicycle was the great grandfather of all the Columbias and a host of other bicycles which came along so rapidly in the following years.

Started With $3,000.

The Pope Manufacturing company, when it began business, had but $3,000 as a working capital, and started at 87 Summer street, Boston, up three flights of stairs and in one room.

The business of the concern grew marvelously, and within a few years the capital stock had been increased to $1,000,000. Colonel Pope disposed of his big Columbia factory at Hartford to the American Bicycle company, which was promoted by A. G. Spalding, of Chicago. This company had a capital of $70,000,000, and took into its organization all factories, among them being the Yost and Lozier plants in Toledo.

The company, which was called the bicycle trust, went into the hands of a receiver in 1902, owing to a decline in the bicycle craze, and Colonel Pope, who had taken much stock in the trust as payment for his plant, had the receivership lifted in 1903 by the organization of the Pope Manufacturing company, which took over many of the plants and converted them into automobile factories.

In Financial Straits.

In 1907 the Pope Manufacturing company and its subsidiary corporation, the Pope Motor Car company, got into financial difficulties following the panic, and a receiver was placed in charge. The capital of the company at that time was $22,500,000, and it owned and operated plants at Hartford, Conn., Westfield, Mass., Hagerstown, Md., and Toledo and Indianapolis as well as the Columbia Steel company of Elyria, O. The Toledo and Indianapolis plants were operated by the Pope Motor Car company.

Campaign for Roads.

Colonel Pope has done more for the improvement of the roads of the country than perhaps any one man. When he was at the head of the movement to better the highways he spent upwards of $20,000 a year in a campaign of education. He labored through chambers of commerce, boards of trade and other influential organizations, and finally succeeded in interesting the press of the country.

At last a monster petition was launched, and with its hundreds of thousands of subscribers, was presented to congress, which made an initial appropriation of $10,000 to investigate the whole subject of good roads and collect and distribute such information as would be of benefit in helping the different sections of the country to secure proper highways and insure their maintenance under the supervision of skilled road engineers.

ENDS WEARY LIFE

Miss Santa Claus Kills Herself by Inhaling Gas.

Philadelphia, August 12.—Elizabeth A. Phillips, "Miss Santa Claus," committed suicide yesterday by inhaling illuminating gas. Despondent because part of her plan to make the less fortunate children of America a little happier failed, she ended the struggle. Pinned to her dress was a note, a plaintive plea for the recognition after death which had not been given her efforts, wholly, during life. It read:

"I have been failing in health for some time. I have always tried to do my best for mankind."

"Miss Santa Claus" gave ill health as the cause of her suicide, but her friends say that the chief cause was the failure of her store, which she opened recently, the proceeds to go toward Christmas gifts to those children who wrote to Santa Claus but for whom there were likely to be few answers.

Work Will Endure.

But though "Miss Santa Claus" is dead her work will live after her, a constant Christmas joy to thousands of little people for whom otherwise Christmas would have been but a pretty story to be enjoyed only by the favored ones. For so thoroughly did "Miss Santa Claus'" plan touch the heartstrings of philanthropic persons throughout the country that the movement was established on a basis which provides for its future.

Elizabeth A. Phillips was the daughter of a prominent merchant of Philadelphia. She enjoyed almost a national reputation by reason of her work at Christmas time among the poor children. For weeks prior to Christmas of each year she collected funds which she expenced for toys and clothing for the needy, and on Christmas eve she visited the homes of the children in a big automobile. She was a familiar figure in all local newspaper offices and was the subject of a number of special "Christmas stories."

Two years ago, at her request, all the letters written by children and mailed to Santa Claus were delivered to her by the Philadelphia postoffice. These she sorted, picking out those from children who seemed to be in danger of being forgotten and getting up on Christmas morning to find empty stockings.

Relieved Distress Always.

But she did not confine her good deeds to the holiday time. At any time in the year, day or night, when she heard of distress she endeavored to relieve it, and if she lacked the necessary means she at once appealed for aid. Last year, with the object of making her charitable work national in scope, she asked permission of the postmaster general to have all letters addressed to Santa Claus, from whatever source, sent to her here, but the request was refused.

That the suicide was premeditated was shown by the fact that the cracks of the door and window of the room had been carefully stopped by bedclothing.

NO WIRE PULLING

Taft Orders the Dismissal of Anyone Taking Part in Politics.

Beverly, Mass., August 16.—President Taft has taken pains to let the public know that the thirteenth United States census is to be supervised by efficient men and not by politicians.

He addressed a letter to Secretary Nagel of the commerce and labor department, in which he ordered that supervisors who actively engage in politics during their tenure of office be dismissed from the service.

Aside from casting their votes the President believes that census supervisors and enumerators should keep clear of anything that savors of politics, national, state or local. The President orders that the secretary of commerce and labor and the director of the census embody in the regulations governing the taking of the census the rule so forcibly laid down in his letter.

The following census supervisors have been announced for Ohio: Second district, Frank P. Richter; third district, Joshua Edward Russell; fourth district, John Schrider; fifth district, Stacy A. Mitchell; sixth district, Harry B. Weaver; seventh district, Core S. Ireland; eighth district, Robert James West; ninth district, John W. Kern, Jr.; tenth district, Tiffin Gilmore; eleventh district, John E. Todd; thirteenth district, Perry S. Williams; fourtheenth district, Sherman M. Granger; fifteenth district, Charles Delmer Simral; sixteenth district, Peter C. Given; seventeenth district, John P. Jones; eighteenth district, Charles Wesley Wickline.

Mr. Taft says that in appointing census supervisors it has been found necessary to select men recommended by senators and congressmen in their districts. He says he realizes that this method of selection might easily be perverted to political purposes and it is to take the census out of politics, so far as the actual work is concerned, that he has explicitly expressed his desires as to the regulations.

President Taft has told the representatives and senators who have urged various men for census places that he would insist that no active partisan should be named and that no attempt should be made to build up a political machine in any state or district through the distribution of the census patronage.

"BUNCOMBE"

It Don't Always Pay to Be Skeptical.

When a newspaper writer and proofreader that works nights can feed himself out of dyspepsia, which most all that class suffer with, it is worth while to know the kind of food used. This man says:

"Being a newspaper writer and proof reader, also a graduate in medicine as well, though not practicing, makes a combination that would produce a skeptic on the subject if anything would.

"Day after day I read the proof on the Grape-Nuts advertisements with the feeling that they were all 'buncombe.' All this time I was suffering from dyspepsia from the improper food I was eating at the restaurant.

"One day I saw a package of Grape-Nuts at the restaurant and tried some with good, rich cream. The food took my fancy at once. After a few lunches at midnight I noted an improvement in my feelings, and was able to work with less fatigue.

"I have used Grape-Nuts as a regular diet since then, and have improved greatly. The old dyspepsia and bad feelings that I thought were necessary adjuncts to night work all disappeared, and I am able to do much more and better work, with less effort than ever before.

"I was nearly ready to give up night work and seek health in some other walk in life, but, thanks to my change in diet, I am now all right. "There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

To Enjoy

the full confidence of the Well-Informed of the World and the Commendation of the most eminent physicians it was essential that the component parts of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna should be known to and approved by them; therefore, the California Fig Syrup Co. publishes a full statement with every package. The perfect purity and uniformity of product, which they demand in a laxative remedy of an ethical character, are assured by the Company's original method of manufacture known to the Company only.

The figs of California are used in the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna to promote the pleasant taste, but the medicinal principles are obtained from plants known to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

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FINE WHISKEY
Write us promptly and thereby place yourself in position to receive
FREE OF COST A FULL QUART
of the best Straight Whiskey made.
SECURITY CO., 316 S. Water St., CHICAGO.
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LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my Great, Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.00. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

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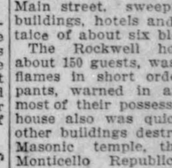

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? That's all we want to know. Then we will not give you any grand prize or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. for we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c. in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain. The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning, 330 Kingsmoore Bldg., Cleveland, O.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS Soldiers who homesteaded less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to enough more land to equal 160 acres, no matter whether original entry was abandoned, relinquished or patented. Widows and other heirs are entitled. Describe fully your homestead entry. I will pay spot cash for these claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Col.

WANTED—Census office clerks, railway mail clerks, city carriers, postoffice clerks. October and November examinations everywhere; $600 to $1,600 yearly; no "layoffs" because of poor times; short hours; annual vacation; salary twice monthly; over 10,000 appointments during 1909; country and city residents equally eligible; common education sufficient; political influence not required; candidates prepared free. Write immediately for schedule of examinations and free bulletin. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 35, Rochester, N. Y.

LOSS OF A MILLION

Summer Resort Town Is Swept by Devastating Conflagration.

Middletown, N. Y., August 11.—A loss estimated at $1,000,000 was caused by the fire which swept 36 buildings from the main street of the summer resort town of Monticello, N. Y., last night. The buildings burned included hotels, stores and residences.

Three hotels filled with summer guests mainly from New York city, were destroyed. They were the Rockwell House, the largest hotel in Sullivan county; the Palatine Hotel and the Folsum House. All the guests escaped with most of their personal effects. The Monticello House was not burned. The Union National bank, both newspaper offices, and every store but one in the town were destroyed.

Only by the use of dynamite were the flames stayed from wiping out the entire town.

When the fire started in the electric lighting plant back of the Palatine hotel there was a high wind blowing. The Palatine music hall and then the hotel itself speedily caught fire. The 50 or more guests of the hotel escaped with their belongings.

The inability of the local fire department to cope with the conflagration had become apparent and help was summoned from Port Jervis and Liberty. From the Palatine hotel the fire spread up and down both sides of Main street, sweeping the business buildings, hotels and stores for a distance of about six blocks.

The Rockwell house, which had about 150 guests, was licked up by the flames in short order, but the occupants, warned in ample time, saved most of their possessions. The Bolsum house also was quickly burned. The other buildings destroyed included the Masonic temple, the offices of the Monticello Republican and Watchman, newspapers; The Hudson River Central Telephone office and many business houses and private residences.

It was 2 o'clock this morning, when the fire had raged for six hours, that all hope of saving any of the business section was abandoned and resort was had to dynamite to save the rest of the town. The summer guests were housed in scores of boarding-houses, of which the town is chiefly composed in summer.

ANOTHER QUAKE IS FELT

Instrument at Washington Registers Seismic Disturbance.

Washington, August 16.—An earthquake of moderate intensity was recorded early today by the seismograph at the weather bureau. Beginning at 2:05 a. m., it continued nearly an hour. It was estimated that the origin of the disturbance was about 2,500 miles distant, either in California or the Pacific coast of Mexico, or in the vicinity of the Azores.

LACKING IN THE FINE POINTS

Washington, August 12.—While American mowing and binding machines seem to have the lead in the German market, says Consul Warner, reporting from Leipsic, "it is, however, a noticeable and much commented upon fact that the American machines do not compare favorably with the German machines in finish and general appearance." In his opinion, American manufacturers would benefit if they paid more attention to detail, as the Germans prefer machines highly finished and attractive in appearance.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Let us cherish the power of hoping and of believing. Let us have that fine quality of the child life which keeps it facing the future with glad expectancy.

MONDAY

This is a good world. True it is full of shadows, but the sunpatches are many. And, keep this in mind, my friend, that a sunpatch always means more than a shadow.

TUESDAY

Count not those blessings only which make life smooth and easy and of tame comfort, but the things that make life resolute and hearty, and that put to test the vigor of our souls.

WEDNESDAY

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

THURSDAY

Always make it a rule to forget unpleasant things before they cut themselves into your heart.

FRIDAY

It's the songs ye sing, and the smiles ye wear,
That's a-making the sun shine everywhere.

SATURDAY

There is no thing we cannot overcome.
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn,
And calls down punishment that is not merited.
Back of thy parents and grandparents lies
The Great Eternal Will. That, too, is thine inheritance.

OUR "HOPELESS TASKS"

Elizabeth Ayres

WHEN we reach a place, where, so far as we can see, we are making no progress in what we are doing; when life seems a monotonous grind of the same things over and over, then is the time when discouragement threatens, and with it comes the temptation to surrender and say of our duties or whatever work we are undertaking: "It is a hopeless task."

This is where we are mistaken. No task which is necessary or is prompted by good intentions is hopeless, or barren of profit. We grow impatient because we do not get results as soon as we expected; because we do not meet with the rewards of sympathy and appreciation; because we cannot see that we are either accomplishing or achieving, and so we grow weary and faint-hearted, counting our tasks as hopeless, and ourselves of no importance.

Good endeavor is never wasted. Example is a strong force in the world, and our earnestness and courage in performing the tasks which may be either self-appointed or our duty, oftener than we have knowledge, proves an inspiration to others.

It does not fall to everyone to do great tasks, but it is by the small tasks that the great ones are supported and perfected. Whatever we do is never for ourselves alone. Its influence falls upon those by whom we are surrounded, upon those by whom we are succeeded. Their way may not be our way; their way may not be the way of those by whom, in their turn, they are followed, but the thread is not broken; its strands are simply multiplied and the pattern it works is elaborated and bettered.

Because things do not "come out" as we have planned is no excuse for ceasing to make an effort. Because our tasks may be commonplace and humble, is no cause for thinking them without value. It is the commonplaces which make life comfortable, and if we respect what we have to do, and do it to the best of our ability, we shall never regard our tasks as hopeless.

Perhaps, if we were fully acquainted with ourselves, we should understand that in many instances we think our tasks are hopeless because we cannot bend the world according to our will. "Folks will not do as we want them to." This we take as a grievance, forgetting that each one must work out his own destiny. The most we can do is to help along when help is needed and try to take up our individual tasks each day with faith and courage.

Of one thing we may be sure, there are no hopeless tasks where effort is rightly directed. We may never realize that which has been planned for and expected, but we may be building better than we know, even while our tasks, when in our hands, do not seem to reach completion. There is always some one to take up our work where we leave off. This may not be altogether consoling to those who crave honors and recognition while they are "among those present" and may enjoy it, but where a project is held dearer than the possible acclaim its fulfillment may win, though it may drag and be uphill labor, it is by no means hopeless. If it is well done, so far as it is carried, it will materially assist the "some one" who will take up our work and bring it to its finality.

The thought that good endeavor is never wasted, is a thought to cling to in performing our tasks, whether they are great or small; whether we fail in our object or are successful, and to hold fast to this thought, believing in its truth, helps more than a little when discouragement threatens and our tasks seem hopeless and endless.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

BE SURE TO READ THIS

I live in Ohio in a small town. I have been a "shut-in" the greater part of the past year. I enjoy reading the letters in the Cozy Corner. Now that I have crossed the divide and am descending the western slope I often think of the unnecessary things we worry about, and how many things that are worth while we neglect. Experience teaches us many things, and I often wish we could get in touch with those that are worth while when we are young, so as to live better and more useful lives. The world is such a beautiful place, and there is so much to live for if we do as we ought.

I get a great deal of comfort from the good thoughts of others, some who have passed away, but the good thoughts never die; and also from the writers of today. The following lines from Stephen Grellet I have framed and hung up where I can see them every day:

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any human being let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

People often need a kind word and a little sympathy as well as money. If we can't help in one way we can in another. There is something you or I can do better than anyone else. May we not neglect to do it. The woman's book club here recently made a sunshine bag for the minister's wife, who is an invalid. Each one of the members gave something different, but appropriate and useful. Ribbon in the club colors was used attached to a card with the giver's name and a date on it, so that every day she could draw out something new. She appreciated it so highly, and seemed so happy over it, we felt amply repaid for what we had done. —Aunt Saidie.

HAPPINESS AND FLOWERS

What is essential to true happiness? I think if we live right and love our neighbors as ourselves, we shall at least be contented.

If Happy Medium will read first Timothy, 6 chapter, 10 verse, she will find that love of money is the root of all evil. We could not get along in this world without money, but we should not strive to obtain it above everything else, and we should do good with it. One way to do good is to beautify your homes as much as possible. Plant flowers and shrubs, that others may enjoy them. One of the great pleasures in going to the city is to see the lovely lawns we pass on our way.

Speaking of flowers, there is a story which tells how the forget-me-not was given its name. The legend is that a lady and her knight were walking along the banks of the Danube river, when the lady spied a tuft of sweet, blue flowers growing from the water. In obedience to her wish to have them, the knight plunged into the river. He had just secured them when the weight of his armor caused him to sink. Throwing the flowers to the lady, he cried, when he was sinking, "forget me not!" It is from this incident the flower took its name, and it has always stood for faithfulness.—Mrs. A. A. B.

SOME PLAIN TALK

I have just been reading the letters on this page and note that most of them are signed with nome de plumes. Why is it? Are you ashamed of your names, or your letters, or what? Why not write good sensible letters and sign our real names?

I also write to express my views on the subject of working in the fields. I agree with Fuffy Flo and Brown-Eyed School Ma'am. Working in the field is hard labor, and I, for one, if I liked it or not, would be ashamed to be seen in the hay field. Now, dear sisters, do not think me a "stuck-up city lady," for I am not, though I have lived in the city, but like my country home best. I live on a farm of 110 acres, and do my own housework. I get enough exercise tending my chickens and garden, without working in the fields, besides, my chickens yield me a large profit.

Now, I would like to say a word to farmers. Some men in the country seem to think anything is good enough for them and their wives to wear, just because they live in the country. Now, this is all a mistake. You can dress as well as your city friends (of course, not for every day, and have your house just as nice and give your children just as good advantages, if you wish to do so, and manage it right.

Also, some farmers' wives think the same. They think because they live in the country they need not be neat and clean. They do not care if their faces are not clean or their hair untidy, and they do not try to have good complexions when a little attention every day will work wonders. They do not try to have shapely forms, when a little exercise will do so much. They say, "Oh! I have no time for such things!" That is the reason the country people are behind. Now, I do not say all are like this, but I know that some are.

Some time, if this is published, I will write and give some directions for beautifying the skin, and exercises for keeping your natural form.—Mrs. Charles Harden.

I am glad you brought up this subject and hope we shall hear from you again.—Editor.

A COUNTRY WORKER

For the benefit of women in the country who wish to earn money, I will tell how I earn some every year. I raise chickens, sell eggs and young chickens. They always bring a good price at all times. If you live near a good market, try raising a large breed of chickens and sell broilers. It will pay if managed right. Where I live, eggs pay the best, so I keep leghorns. I think they are the best layers. We keep cows and I make and sell butter. This looks like a good deal of work, but I have to work if I earn money.

Once when I wanted some extra money I boarded the school teacher eight months and that brought me in some cash. I have earned several dollars making hair switches and sewing, making lace and various kinds of fancy work. I think these are the best ways for women in the country who cannot leave home to work and want to be earning something.

A friend of mine who lives in the country teaches music and it pays her well. It pays to know how to do several kinds of work. If you can't get the kind you like, you will have to do the kind you don't like if you want to earn money. Perhaps there are easier ways, but I have never found them out, so I have named the hard ways.

I think I have written enough for this time. Let us hear from some one else, maybe they will tell me some easier ways and I shall not need to work as hard as I do.—A Farmer's Wife of Ohio.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED

To remove mildew from white goods mix soft soap with powdered starch divided into two parts, salt one part; add the juice of a lemon, mix all together into a paste. Spread on both sides of the material and let it lie on the grass until the stain comes out.

In answer to Mrs. M.'s request for a home-made postum, we have the following: Three quarts of wheat bran, one quart of corn meal, one pint of cooking molasses, one-half cup of granulated sugar and two eggs. Mix thoroughly and brown.—Frank G. Rice.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Life would be quite a joyful occasion if we could all be like the dear old Methodist sister who arose in "meeting" and said, "Dear brothers and sisters, I have a great many troubles and trials, but they don't trouble me much."

Old Discontent: Yours received and contents noted. I shall be glad to publish your letter. It may start "something doing."

Old Subscriber: Thank you for the postcards. They are very pretty.

Honeyman: Your gift came to the office while I was out of the city. Thank you.

Nervy: What has become of you? Why do you stay away so long from "our midst?"

All the letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Household People: About a year ago I wrote and published the following letter to the readers of this page. Since then thousands have come to join us and for their benefit and to jog the memory of those who have long been with us I am publishing "An Open Letter" again. Read it and feel just like one of the family.

Once in a while it is good thing for us to come together and have a little talk, so we may understand one another. Of course your editor has the advantage in this respect. She has spoken first, so she can keep the floor and do all the talking, but you have your chance by being able to answer back by letter.

The first thing I want to say is this is a "Home Folks'" page, and Home Folks are the best kind of people. The page stands for harmony, kindliness and helpful and cheery thoughts. When you read the Household I want it to make you forget there are such things as sorrow and trouble in your lives. To forget them even for a few moments, is a step toward their cure.

I know it is impossible for me to always write things that will interest and appeal to everyone. We are such an enormous family we cannot help but have differences in opinion, but of one thing you may be sure, above all else, your editor wishes to please you and wishes you to feel that she is your friend. You seem to me like one great family and sometimes I am almost overwhelmed by the responsibility of so many "children."

When such thoughts arise I say to myself: "Well, I can only try to do my best, and if I fail there is still the old rhyme to follow:

'If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again.'"

By the way, this is a good rule for us all to remember in everything we attempt. We may always "try, try again."

Then there is the question of letters. Many who write seem to think they are troubling the editor. Now how could we have a Cozy Corner, and M. G. R., a space for children, and a Poets' Corner if it were not for the letters? And how could I get in touch with your thoughts and lives if you did not write letters? They are a help rather than a trouble, and another thing, the exchange of ideas they permit is very beneficial. If they do not all get published it is because lack of space has neld them back until they are out of date, but just the same they help me to know you, and that is a good deal when one is conducting such a page as this.

It is impossible to publish all the letters from the little folks. This difficulty I have tried to solve by putting them all in one drawer and when it is time to get them ready for the printers, without looking to see which I am getting, I take out those that can be used at one time and thus avoid the possibility of partiality.

The Poets' Corner is rather a "puzzler," too. There are so many poems requested that some do not get asked for in the paper and it is often a long time before the poems sent in answer to requests are published. Here is another case where I am trying to do my best, though I feel each week that somebody is going to be disappointed.

I don't like this feeling a little bit, but it cannot be avoided, so if you don't get what you want as soon as you want please don't scold your editor. Probably a good many of you know what it means to have more on your hands than you can care for as you would like to, so think of that when you are disappointed about the poetry.

Now that I've started there is much more in my mind to say, but this is growing into a pretty long letter, so for fear—as some of you say to me—it will reach the waste basket, I will bring it to a close.

Good will and friendship to all my Household people. Your editor,

ELIZABETH AYRES.

THE LADY OF TEARS---*By Sophie Irene Loeb*

"Did you ever see anything like it in your life?" said Beatrice to Helen, as they came down the steps of Mrs. Niobe's pretty home.

"No, I never did," said Helen. "I wonder how her husband stands it."

"Honestly, Helen, when you were at the piano I actually counted six weeps during the short time we called.

"First you remember when we told her about Annabelle Rogers going to the hospital. A second after she was crying.

"Then Christopher came down from the nursery with his little finger cut. A few tears dropped, and soon after, when one of the maids came to say the little blind kitten had been run over by a street car, there was another flood, 'for it was such a dear little thing.'

"When she showed us her mother's picture, so far from her out west, she began again. The butcher calling on the phone saying he would not have sweetbreads brought forth some real vexation drops.

"And lastly, your playing, 'Then You'll Remember Me so realistically just turned the torrent on in full. It was her first dead husband's song you know.

"Had we not left when we did we would have needed some raincoats or umbrellas," agreed Helen.

She is a permanent institution, this woman of tears. We all know her.

She doesn't always cry at her own funeral, either. It may be anybody's.

But I have never heard of any prehistoric or any other animals weeping, so it must be a cultivated attribute.

"THE WORST PROBLEM A MAN HAS TO CONTEND WITH."

Well, if that is the case, sister, cultivate its abstinence. If, at intervals, you must, get by yourself and have a good cry, but get it out of your system.

You don't know what a change it will make in you and the attitude of those about you.

A weeping woman is about the worst problem a man has to contend with, and there are enough Niobes in the world today whose pearly drops might float the biggest battleship in Uncle Sam's Navy.

Don't cry. Be a hero. Even if you do not get a Carnegie medal the people who live with you might be glad to buy one for you.

I once knew of a woman who really cried herself to a bone. There were very few "festivities" in her vicinity in which she wasn't one of the chief mourners.

At a christening she wept because one had to be born into such a wicked world.

A marriage was such a sad affair, since it was the beginning of a new era of existence of which no one knew the results.

If there were any loophole for a cry she never lost the opportunity.

At times she would cry so hard that it made her laugh, and vice versa. Then she needed a doctor.

She became a bundle of nerves tied together with a collar and a waistband.

And the medicine man's first prescription was, "Woman, stop your crying."

If all women took that self-same recipe how much happier they would be. When things go wrong make the best of it. Should the maid leave suddenly and you have to get a few meals, don't lament over it and make everbody miserable around you. The world is full of maids.

Should John lose his job at the office, shedding tears won't get him another one. Rather encourage him by putting on a bold front.

True, you may not be able to get that dress you saw, but there are other dresses.

Hubby says something meant to be humorous; but it happens to be a shoe that fits you. Don't you dare to cry! He is only a mere man, you know, and will laugh at your briny flow.

So "Weep no more, my lady. Weep no more today. The sun shines bright."—Copyright 1909 by the New York Evening Telegram.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear Friends: Having become interested in the M. G. R. I venture to write. I enjoy all of the letters very much and have one suggestion to make, although it may not be etiquette to mention it in my first letter.

Would it not be a good idea to give some description of how something is done in your part of the country? A very good description of the cultivation of tobacco, a few weeks ago, led me to offer the suggestion. Now, every one can tell something about the industries of his locality.

The cultivation and care of cotton would be very interesting to us northern members. Of course, we can read about all this in our text books to some extent, but they never give the details like one actually living in the vicinity could. Those living in the coal region could tell us about mining. The lumberman can tell us all about lumbering. Those living in Colorado can tell us about silver and lead mining. Residents of the Black Hills or California can tell us about the three or four different methods of mining gold. Irrigation is another interesting subject, also the Indians and their customs, of which we eastern people are very ignorant. Other interesting subjects would be orange raising n Florida and California, the cultivation of rice in South Carolina, sugar cane in Louisiana, the petrified forests of Arizona. There is a good deal of information to be gotten from Utah. Cattle raising is a very interesting subject, and those living in cities can give much information about their manufactories, silk weaving, shoe making, glass manufacturing and thousands of others. If you have not made yourself familiar with any of these surroundings go and make their acquaintance and write us. In that way you will be benefiting both yourself and us.

Now let us, with the consent of the editor, each write an article on our home industries, or take up our surrounding scenery or historical places. At another time the noted men and women of our vicinity. In that way our letters will be both interesting and instructive.

This is only a suggestion on my part, being a new subscriber. I do not know, but you may already have a subject.—Duma Whanski.

Your suggestion is a good one and I trust some of the members will "take the hint."—Miss Prudence.

What do the readers of the Household page think of a person who eavesdrops on the phone when other parties are talking? The other day I was sitting here with two discouraging prospects before me. One was the possibility of being compelled to spend a few weeks resting and taking treatments in a sanitarium; the other prospect was three pairs of ragged overalls that were needing patches very badly. Well, the telephone bell rang so briskly I was certain I knew who was calling, and so, anxious to put off the job of patching as long as possible. I took down the receiver to make sure, and I wasn't mistaken either. It was New England girl and when she called for The Blade office and the M. G. R. department I concluded to see what was "up," even if those overalls had to wait till next week for attention.

New England Girl, do not think me impertinent. I would honestly like to know if your simple procedure for sweetening the breath proved successful? You know I dearly love onions and some times I eat so many the old cow won't face me when I go to milk.

It is most too warm to attend a meeting today, but if there is a vacant place in any corner of the "page" I would like to sit down. In point of years I expect I really belong in the Cozy Corner. In spirit, I feel like a Merry-Go-Rounder, but if both of those corners are full I would enjoy sitting among the children. I've often thought of sending my application for membership that I might express my views on some subjects that were of especial interest to me. Care and training of your children, for instance, but have put it off for a more convenient season. I felt I must tell New England Girl how her letter really has brightened several days for me. I laughed and laughed when I read it. I must close now or you'll all agree to vote against my admission.—An Iowa Eavesdropper.

How are you all this bright day? Georgette, do you not think that the reason Sir William Wallace had such faith in those who proved to be traitors, was because he was so good and noble it was impossible for him to think evil of anyone?

As there is nothing I enjoy more than a good debate, I will ask the opinion of the M. G. R. on this question:

Which has caused the most heartfelt sorrow, War or Intemperance?

I think intemperance has. Who could picture a more sorrowful life than that of a drunkard, or his nearest and dearest friend? Or who could imagine anything more humiliating than to be the mother, wife or sister of a drunkard?

While on the other hand the soldier boys are regarded with love, pride and joy, and if in battle it is their lot to fall, while their friends deeply mourn their death, it is not with the shame and sorrow which follows the death of a drunkard.

English Lad, what has become of you? The Country Bard, you remind me of one of my former friends. I think I hear someone say, "will she ever go?" So I will say good-bye, with kind regards to all.—Wilda Wild.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

"Chance is like an amberill—it don't take twice to lose it.—James Russell Lowell.

I hope you are all enjoying yourselves and having as good a time as you can. There is such a thing as being too serious, especially in hot weather.

In the past week we have heard from W. Va. Schoolmaster, The White Mountain Girl, Chrysanthemum, Nida Bell, and A Western Girl.

Here are two questions for you to ponder and to write about if you choose: For the "lady" members is this: "What kind of a husband do you admire? And for the sterner sex, is this: "What kind of a wife?" We may get some amusement out of these questions, but do not make your letters very long.

A GOOD MENDER

The most successful way to mend broken china is the following formula: Powder a small quantity of lime and take the white of one egg and mix together to a paste. Apply this quickly to the china to be mended, place the broken pieces together firmly, and they will become set and strong. It is unusual when china breaks in the same place again after being mended with this paste.

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN

A QUEER LITTLE GIRL

As queer a girl as ever was seen
Was little May Evelyn Caroline Green.
She sat a-wishing from morning till night
For everything in or out of her sight.
Her small brother Ned, who thought sister May
Was silly to spend her time wishing all day,
Told nurse in confidence, once after dinner,
That he was afraid she'd a wish-bone in her.

—From Primary Recitations.

My papa takes The Blade, and I love to read the children's letters. I am a little girl ten years old. I live in the historic town of Ft. Recovery, Ohio, by the Wabash river. I go to school every day, and am in the fourth grade. Geography is my hardest study, but I love it. We have fire drills in our school once a month. I have three brothers and one sister, all older than I. My oldest brother is learning engineering and one of my brothers goes to Capital University at Columbus. I love when he comes home to spend vacation. I love music and books. My favorite books are Five Little Peppers, Little Men, Little Women, Old Fashioned Girl and many others. We do not live on the farm, but I love country life. My papa owns the lime and stone works here. We have a fine time in summer. We go rowing and fishing. My favorite game is croquet. I think spring and summer are the best seasons of the year, but I love King Winter also. With best wishes to all the children, I am, as my mamma calls me—Little Ella.

Hello, boys and girls! Will you let a 15-year-old Hoosier join your happy band? I am five feet six inches, light headed and very much tanned. I have four sisters and two brothers. My oldest brother is dead. I have one sister older than myself and three sisters and one brother younger. I love to read good books. I don't like novels. I have a violin, and I take a lesson a week. My sisters play the piano. I have a black kitten named Nigger. I will enter Bedford High school next September. We have our choice of Latin or German. Which would you take? I think I will take German. I will close, as this is my first letter. I will write again if this is published. Fare ye well, boys and girls.—Spooks.

Dear Editor:—I am a little girl eleven years old, and I live in the country in the state of Indiana. For pets I have three kittens and a dog. My dog's name is Carlo. He goes after the cows at night whenever we tell him to go, and will take them to pasture in the morning. My kitten's name is Toney.

When we made hay I drove the hay-fork for papa and for one of our neighbors. They gave me 2½ cents a load and I earned $2.00 altogether. I go to a town school. They haul our school, so I get to ride every night and morning. I am in the sixth grade.

We threshed last Saturday. Some of the neighbor girls came, and we had a fine time. I have two sisters older than myself; one 15, the other 20, so I didn't have to work very much.

I will not write too much the first time, so good-bye—Hazel.

I guess the editor will let me have a place for my name, too, won't she? I am a girl of eleven years and live in Pennsylvania. I am four feet ten inches tall and weigh 86 pounds. I have a Shetland pony, whose name is Trixie, and her color is dark chestnut. I have a buggy and harness, too. My father got her for me three years ago. I have only had my buggy and harness since last summer. I hope Mr. Wastebasket isn't at home. —Miriam Burley.

As I have not seen any letters in The Blade from Minnesota, I will take the risk of writing one. I live on a farm of two hundred acres. I am thirteen years old. Our home is very near the lake, so we can go fishing, boating and bathing in the summer and skating in the winter.

We have a dog, his name is Don. He is very full of play and does many tricks.

I have five sisters and two brothers I have two miles to go to school.

I will be glad to see this in print, and maybe will write again.—Inez Rowley.

I am a little boy ten years old, and this is my first letter to a paper. I love to read the children's letters in The Blade. I study fifth reader, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, history and geography. We have a good many books to read. My favorite is Young Captain Jack. I go to Sunday school nearly every Sunday. I have only missed two Sundays in the past year.

My papa works in the oil fields. I have one brother, and we are the men at home. For pets I have two bantam chickens. They are fine. With best wishes for the Cozy Corner, from West Virginia—Abednigo.

HOME WEDDINGS

Simplicity marks the ceremony of a home wedding. There should be flowers for decorations, if possible, and if a bower of ferns and green branches can be arranged as a background for the clergyman and couple, the attractive appearance is greatly increased. A corner lends itself better to this than a flat wall.

If only a few guests are expected it is not necessary to remove all the chairs from the room, for some placed against the walls are appreciated by the older persons who may be present. The center, however, should be kept clear so there may be no obstruction for the clergyman or wedding procession.

The mode of entry differs in no way, in the house, than in a church. The relatives assemble in the room, and the bride's mother comes in last. If she desires to be informal, she may receive the guests when they arrive, a pretty touch of hospitality that makes the celebration more charming. Should she come in last she will be accompanied by some member of the family, and will stand near the couple to be married, though not so close as to suggest being a part of the immediate family.

One bridesmaid, when there is a maid of honor, is rather an awkward number, for the maid of honor is supposed to walk alone. Yet if there is only one bridesmaid it would be unattractive to have an Indian file of attendants, so it is better that the two girls should enter together. About two minutes before the hour set for the ceremony the bridegroom should come into the room, accompanied by the best man, and take the place at one side of the clergyman just in front. Immediately afterward the bridesmaid goes into the room, preceded by the usher, if there is one.

If not, she goes toward the clergyman, stopping at the other side from the bridegroom, and a little further away from the minister. Immediately behind her is the maid of honor, who follows and stands so that she is next to the bride, and a little behind the latter. The bride comes directly behind the maid of honor and leans on the arm of her father or the person who is to act in such capacity during the ceremony. His daughter leaves his arm on arriving at the side of the bridegroom and stands beside the latter, while the father remains a step behind, ready to give her away when that part of the ceremony is reached. Having done this he retires beside the girl's mother.

The maid of honor holds the bride's bouquet when the latter must have her hands free, and returns it at the end of the ceremony, before the bride turns to greet her friends. If any formality is observed after the marriage has been celebrated the best man and maid of honor should walk out of the room together, following the bridal couple. At a home wedding it is customary for the bride to turn at once to receive the congratulations of her family and friends. Refreshments, simple or elaborate, are served at once in the dining room.

THE POETS' CORNER

The Poets' Corner is a "rescue" department, designed to assist those who are in search of some song or poem, either old or new, of which they can furnish a line or verse as a clue. These clues are published under the head Poems Requested, and in most instances some one meets the request by furnishing the poem asked for. When asking for poems and when sending them in, if possible, kindly give the author's name. The department is open to everyone. Address Editor The Poets' Corner, The Blade.

A SPOOL OF THREAD

By Sophie E. Eastman.

Well, yes, I lived in Texas, in the spring of '61;
And I'll relate a story, though I fear, sir, when 'tis done,
'Twill be little worth your hearing, it was such a simple thing,
Unheralded in rondeaux that the grander poets sing.

There had come a guest unbidden, at the opening of the year,
To find a lodgment in our hearts, and the tenant's name was Fear;
For Secession's drawing mandate was a call for men and arms,
And each recurring eventide but brought us fresh alarms.

They had notified the General that he must yield to fate,
And all the muniments of war surrender to the state,
But he sent from San Antonio an order to the sea
To convey on board the steamer all the fort's artillery.

Right loyal was his purpose, but the foe devined his plan,
And the wily Texans set a guard to intercept the man
Detailed to bear the message, they placed the guard with care,
That neither scout nor citizen should pass it unaware.

Well, this was rather awkward, sir, as doubtless you will say,
But the Mayor, who was chief of staff, resolved to have his way,
Despite the watchful provost guard; so he asked his wife to send,
With a little box of knick-knacks, a letter to her friend;
And the missive held one sentence I remember to this day,
"The thread is for your neighbor, Mr. French, across the way."

He dispatched a youthful courier, of course, as you will know,
The Texans searched him thoroughly and ordered him to show
The contents of the letter. They read it o'er and o'er,
But failed to find the message they had hindered once before.

So it reached the English lady, and she wondered at the word,
But gave the thread to Major French, explaining that she heard
He wished a spool of cotton. And great was his surprise,
At such a trifle sent unasked, through leagues of hostile spies.

"There's some hidden purpose, doubtless, in the curious gift," he said,
Then he tore away the label, and inside the spool of thread
Was Major Nichol's order, bidding him convey to sea
All the arms and ammunition from Ft. Duncan's battery;
"Down to Brazos speed your horses," as the major's letter ran,
"Shift equipments and munitions and embark them if you can."

Yes, the transfer was effected, for the ships lay close at hand.
Ere the Texans guessed their purpose, they had vanished from the land.
Do I know it for a fact, sir? 'Tis no story that I've read,
I was but a boy in war time, and I carried him the thread.

ONLY A TRAMP

Author Unknown.

I'm a broken-down man without money;
My clothes are all tattered and torn;
Not a friend in this wide world have I;
'Tis a pity I ever was born.
In vain have I searched for employment,
Sleeping out on the ground cold and damp.
I'm stared in the face by starvation;
Oh, pity the fate of a tramp.

CHORUS.

They tell me go work for my living, and not through this country to scamp;
But then when I ask for employment, they say I am only a tramp.

The rich man at home by his bright, cheery fire,
All sheltered and snug with his store,
Has often refused me with scorn and contempt,
When I ask for the crumbs from his floor.
And when with the cravings of hunger, I turn from his door to decamp,
He'll at once turn his dogs loose upon me,
Because I am only a tramp.

It was only last night on the railroad, That a man both tired and footsore,
Spied an empty box car standing still on the track,
So he got in and closed the door.
But he had not gone far in that empty box car,
'Till the brakeman came round with his lamp.
He was thrown from his resting place, Kicked in the face, because he was only a tramp.

But the day will soon come when the rich man and I
Shall be laid in the same mother earth.
Each joy and all sorrows will then have an end,
And I hope better times come to both.
Kind friends, you must always remember
That every poor man's not a scamp,
For there's many a true heart a-beating
Beneath the old coat of a tramp.

THE STOLEN STARS

By Gen. Lew Wallace.

When good old Father Washington was just about to die,
He called our Uncle Samuel unto his bedside nigh.
This flag I give you, Sammie dear, said Washington, said he;
Wherever it floats, o'er land or sea, my children shall be free.

And fine old Uncle Samuel, he took the flag from him;
He spread it on a long pine pole and prayed and sung a hymn.
A pious man was Uncle Sam, back 50 years or more.
That flag should fly till judgment day, so by the Lord he swore.

And well he kept that solemn oath; he kept it well, and more;
The thirteen stars then on the flag soon grew to 34.
And every star bespoke a state; each state an empire won.
No brighter were the stars of night than those of Washington.

Beneath this flag two brothers dwelt; to both 'twas very dear.
The name of one was Puritan, the other Cavalier.
"Go build ye towns," said Uncle Sam unto these brothers dear.
"Build anywhere, for in this world there's none but God to fear."

"I'll to the south," said Cavalier; "I'll to the south," said he.
"I'll to the north," said Puritan; "the north is the land for me."
Each took a flag, each left a tear to good old Uncle Sam.
He kissed the boys, he kissed the flag and doleful sung a psalm.

And in a go-cart Puritan his worldly goods did lay;
With wife and gun and dog and ax he singing went his way.
Buckskin was his Sunday suit, his wife wore linsey jeans.
And fat they grew like porpoises on hoe cake, pork and beans.

But Cavalier a cockney was, he spoke French and Latin.
He wore broadcloth every day and his wife wore satin.
He went off in a painted ship, in glory he did go;
A thousand niggers up aloft, a thousand down below.

The towns were built, as I've heard said, the likes were never seen.
They filled the north, they filled the south, they filled the land between.
"The Lord be praised," said Puritan. "Bully," said Cavalier;
"There's room for town lots in the west, if there isn't any here."

So to the west they journeyed then and in a quarrel got.
One said 'twas his, he knew it was, the other said 'tis not.
One drew a knife, a pistol t'other, and dreadfully they swore.
From northern lake to southern gulf wild rang the wordy war.

And all the time good Uncle Sam sat by his fireside neat,
Smoking of his kinikinick and drinking lager beer.
He quaffed and laughed, and laughed and quaffed, nor thought it worth his while,
Until the storm of fury burst on Sumter's sea-girt isle.

Across the wave to the smoking fort, where came the dewy dawn,
To see the flag he looked, and lo, eleven stars were gone.
"My pretty, pretty stars," he cried, and down did roll a tear.
"I've got your stars in my watch fob. Ha! ha!" laughed Cavalier.

"I've got your stars in my watch fob; come take them if you dare."
And Uncle Sam, he turned away, too full of wrath to swear.
"Let thunder all the drums," he cried, while swelled his soul-like Mars.
"A million northern boys I'll get to bring me home my stars."

So on his stout made Betsy Jane to northside towns he flew.
The dogs did bark, the bells did ring and countless bugles blew.
"My stolen stars," cried Uncle Sam. "My stolen stars," cried he.
"A million soldiers I must have to bring them home to me."

"Dry up your tears, good Uncle Sam; dry up," said Puritan.
"We'll bring you home your stolen stars or perish every man."
And at the word a million rose, all ready for the fray,
And columns formed like rivers deep and southward marched away.

And still old Uncle Samuel sat by his fireside near,
Smoking of his kinikinick and drinking lager beer,
While there's a trembling in the earth and a gleaming in the sky,
And the rivers stop to listen as the millions marched by.

EMPTY IS THE CRADLE

Author Unknown.

Little empty cradle, treasured now with care,
Though the precious burden it has fled;
How we miss the locks of curly golden hair,
Peeping from the tiny snow white bed.
When the dimpled cheeks, and laughing little eyes,
From the rumpled pillow shone,
Then we gazed with gladness; now we weep and sigh,
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

CHORUS.

Baby left the cradle for the golden shore,
O're the silvery water she has flown;
Gone to join the angels, peaceful evermore,
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

Near yon shady valley stands a grassy mound,
Underneath our little darling sleeps;
Blossoms sweet and roses cluster all around,
Overhead the willow silent weeps;
There we laid our loved one, in the long ago,
Still my heart doth sadly mourn,
Though she's with the angels, still I fain would weep—
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

POEMS REQUESTED

The poem, Old Mose, written by C. E. Merrill, and dedicated to the memory of Henry W. Grady, is asked for.

These old poems are very much wanted: We Parted as the Sun Went Down, My Creole Sue, In Dear Old Illinois, and The Laurel and the Rose.

We are asked for a poem beginning: "Twas in the days when Claverhouse Was searching moor and glen.

Lovers Once, but Strangers Now, and My Heart Is Nigh Breaking, but He Never Shall Know, are clues to two songs that are wanted.

The old song, The Campbells Are Coming, is requested.

The once popular song, Only a Pansy Blossom, is asked for.

Some one is requested to send in The Debating Society.

Wanted: The poem, What Rules the World. By William Ross Wallace. It begins:

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea.

Who knows the rest of this:

On old Long Island's sea girt shore,
A many an hour I've wiled away.

ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES

A little miss of five who had no brothers and who did not like the boys at school who teased her, especially a boy named John, remarked at home: "I wish John was my boy; do you know if he belonged to me I'd lick him whether he needed it or not?"—The Circle Magazine.

ITCHED TWELVE YEARS

Eczema Made Hands and Feet Swell, Peel and Get Raw—Arms Affected, Too—Gave Up All Hope of Cure.

QUICKLY CURED BY CUTICURA

"I suffered from eczema on my hands, arms and feet for about twelve years, my hands and feet would swell, sweat and itch, then would become callous and get very dry, then peel off and get raw. I tried most every kind of salve and ointment without success. I tried several doctors, but at last gave up thinking there was a cure for eczema. A friend of mine insisted on my trying the Cuticura Remedies, but I did not give them a trial until I got so bad that I had to do something. I secured a set and by the time they were used I could see a vast improvement and my hands and feet were healed up in no time. I have had no trouble since. Charles T. Bauer, R. F. D., 65, Volant, Pa., Mar. 11, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

SOME BAD WINE FOUND

It's Only Fermented Sugar, Says Dr. Wiley.

Washington, August 14. — Before leaving on his western trip, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, in connection with the pure food board, put the finishing touches on a ruling on the question, "What is wine?" which promises to rival in importance his now famous decision on "What is whisky?"

A few weeks ago a lengthy hearing before the board, at which time wine men from every part of the country appeared, came to a conclusion, and yesterday the board completed its review of the testimony, and the members signed the decision. It is said that under the new regulations some of the most popular brands of wine will be classified as the basest imitations.

Dr. Wiley's board takes the position that they are not entitled to be labeled as wine, and unless his ruling is reversed it will be necessary to revolutionize the wine manufacturing business of the country.

According to testimony given at the hearings, a great many manufacturers of wine are in the habit of adding sugar and water to grape juice before it is fermented. Dr. Wiley contended that by this process three gallons of wine is being made from one gallon of grape juice. The chief chemist of the agricultural department insists that this is adulteration under the pure food act and such liquor should not be labeled as wine.

The wine manufacturers of Lake Erie and other northern regions claimed that it is necessary to add sugar to their product in order to overcome the acidity of the grapes raised in that section. But Dr. Wiley thinks otherwise.

The most objectionable practice of wine manufacturers, in the eyes of Dr. Wiley, is the use of the skins and seeds that remain in the presses after the first pressing. By the addition of sugar and water to this refuse fermentation takes place, and certain brands of wine are manufactured and extensively sold throughout the country. Dr. Wiley says this is only fermented sugar, and therefore not entitled to the title of wine, which is supposed to be fermented grape juice.

The report of the board also pays some attention to the labeling of wine manufactured in different parts of the country as Rhine wine and other foreign brands. This, it is claimed, is contrary to the pure food act, as Rhine wine can be made only from grapes grown in Germany.

SAW FIERCE RIOTING

American Tells of the Mob's Work in Barcelona.

New York, August 16.—The experience of an American who was in Barcelona during the insurrection there in July, were related today by O. B. Stuart, who arrived from the Spanish port on the steamer Buenos Aires, the first vessel to come from that city since the outbreak. Mr. Stuart, whose home is in Chicago, is now a postoffice inspector at Manila.

"I had arrived in Barcelona," he said, "on July 19, and found the people very much opposed to the war. During the following few days three of the guarde civile were killed at various times by small mobs. It was unsafe to go about after dark.

"During this week there were frequent collisions between the guarde civile and the lower classes of the people and a number of rioters were killed. Much attention was paid to the Buenos Aires, as she was loading on ammunition for Melilla. Threats were made that the unloading must stop. Finally, on July 26, the crowd became so threatening near the vessel that the loading ceased and the vessel prepared to sail at noon. Firing was heard some distance from the dock. A messenger appeared and stated that no more passengers would be allowed to board the steamer and that none of those on board would be allowed to disembark. The noise of the firing continued and explosions were quite frequent.

"Finally, after some hours of anxiety, the lines were cast off and we proceeded to Malaga. There we were transferred to the steamer Catalona and taken to Cadiz, the Buenos Aires having been seized by the government. On board at the time were 100 infantry, taken on board at Barcelona. These were added to by 660 artillery and 1,500 cavalry and the Buenos Aires proceeded to Melilla. Barcelona troops were almost in a state of mutiny and when a short distance from shore eleven of them threw overboard their guns and equipments. They were tried by drumhead court-marial and were shot.

"After landing the troops the Buenos Aires returned to Cadiz and brought us to New York. The next Spanish vessel will bring over a large number of Americans who were to have come on the Buenos Aires."

DEAFNESS CURED By New Discovery

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured." — Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head noises full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 5242 Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

CHEERY OLD WU CALLED

Chang Yin Tang Named as New Minister to United States.

Washington, August 13.—Chinese Minister Wu Ting Fang has been recalled from Washington and ordered to Peking for further assignment. His successor will be Chang Yin Tang, formerly charge d'affaires at Madrid, and now deputy vice president of foreign affairs. Mr. Wu is now in Peru, to which country he has been credited along with the United States.

Announcement of the recall of Minister Wu came in a cablegram to the Chinese legation. This stated that an imperial decree had been issued, recalling Dr. Wu and naming Chang Yin Tang as his successor. The recall surprised government circles here.

Dr. Wu has been the accredited representative of China in the American continents since March, 1908, and during that time has done much toward adding to the reputation he established among the people generally during his first term as minister to America in 1897-1902, of being one of the most popular diplomats who ever came to Washington. His wit and interest in American life made him a popular figure. During his present ministry he became a convert to a vegetarian diet and announced he intended to live to be 100 years old.

His sympathies with the United States during the Boxer trouble led to his first recall. It was reported then that he was to be beheaded, but this government promptly intimated that such a course would be offensive to the United States.

Chang Yin Tang, who succeeds Wu Ting Fang at Washington, was made vice president of the Chinese foreign board in January of this year, in succession to Liang Tun Yen. For his services in connection with the Tibetan treaty he was raised to the rank of an expectant metropolitan officer of the fifth grade, and appointed associate imperial commissioner with Ta Ch'uan to investigate matters in Tibet.

20,000 LIE UNBUREID

Many Corpses Everywhere in Messina.

New York, August 14.—"Messina probably never will be rebuilt. If it is, it will not be for many years. Practically every family with money enough to build a house was wiped out."

This was the conclusion of Dwight L. Elmendorf today on his return to this country after one month in the wrecked Italian city.

"I reached Sicily four months after the terrible earthquake," said Mr. Elmendorf. "More than 20,000 bodies remained buried under the piles of masonry which represented a once beautiful city.

"The bodies are, or were, being removed at the rate of maybe fifty a day. The sanitary conditions were nil. The only work being done, as far as I saw, and I investigated the matter thoroughly, was by the American sailors. They were building houses with American lumber and clearing up the wreckage.

"It is an interesting commentary on American generosity that it was necessary to place a heavy guard about the piles of lumber which were sent over from this country to prevent the natives from stealing it and using it for firewood. Even while the lumber was being unloaded from the ships a heavy armed guard was needed to save it."

Mr. Elmendorf also visited Bosnia, Dalmatia, Montenegro and other principalities.

"In Bosnia," he said, "every one goes armed to the teeth. During the two months I was in Dalmatia I never saw a man do a stroke of work. Every bit of manual labor was performed by women. They even built the houses. And not one was asking for suffrage."

VERY, VERY MILD CUSS WORD

"By Chowder," Is All Kansas Town Will Stand for.

Waterville, Kan., August 12.—"By chowder" is the official swear word in Waterville now. The people of this burg cannot use any cuss word srtonger than that under pain of going to jail.

The street loafers, it was charged, became so profane that the women of the town hesitated about going out on the streets. They said they would rather stay at home than hear men using vile language.

The merchants, feeling keenly the loss of feminine trade, prevailed upon the city council to enact a drastic law against "cussing."

In obedience to the demand the council made it a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine and imprisoment, to swear within the city limits. In order to help the chronic "cusser" out, however, the council ruled that "by chowder" would not be considered a swear word under the new law.

MANY TOWNS RUINED

Japan Suffers From a Great Earthquake.

Tokio, August 16.—Reports received yesterday concerning the earthquake in central Japan shows that there were a number of fatalities and that great damage was done to property.

The dead are said to number 30, and it is feared that the list of fatalities will be greatly increased when the outlying districts are heard from. The number of persons injured is 82. Thus far 362 buildings, including many temples, are reported to have been destroyed and more than 1,000 others badly damaged.

The shock affected a wide area in the Shiga and Gifu prefectures. The town of Ozaka, in Gifu, suffered terribly. The banks of the Hida river there broke and the surrounding country was inundated. The people of the district fled to high ground and remained in the open all night. Intermittent shocks were felt throughout last night and early this morning.

The mountain Ibuki, a short distance west of Gifu, emitted smoke in the early stages of the earthquake and then collapsed with a thunderous roar. The formation of the mountain was completely changed.

Slight damage was done at Nagoya, to the southward of Gifu, and neighboring villages.

FINDS WORK FOR THE IDLE

Government Sends Thousands to Harvest Fields.

Washington, August 11.—Work has been secured for 3,000 persons during the past six weeks through the information division of the department of commerce and labor. Most of them have gone to the wheat fields of the northwest, although, according to a statement made by the department, labor is much in demand in factories as well as on the farm.

The division on information, under a ruling by Assistant Secretary McHarg, is confined in its operations to unskilled labor, the labor organizations having protested against any activity on the part of the government looking to the employment of skilled labor.

Makes Many Friends

WU TING FANG.

ALL ARE FRIENDS

Commander of Grand Army Tells of Visits to Southern States.

Salt Lake City, August 12.—Delegates to the national encampment of the G. A. R. this morning took up the work to be done in the interest of their organization. Meeting in executive session in Armory hall they entered upon an order of business which commenced with the report of the committee on credentials and included the appointment of standing committees, the annual address of the commander-in-chief, the reading of official reports, the holding of memorial exercises, the nomination of officers and the exemplification of the ritual.

The nomination of officers and the address of Commander Nevius were the features of the session. The commander-in-chief said, in part:

"I have received a warm and cordial greeting wherever I have gone. I was greeted with great cordiality on my visit in the southern departments, and I am satisfied that, were it not for those who did not participate in the great struggle, but who are still laboring to keep alive the lost cause, there would be no difficulty in cementing the bonds of union between the north and the south.

"On December 31, 1907, the members in good standing of the Grand Army of the Republic numbered 225,157, and there were 13,489 on the suspended list. There were remaining in good standing on December 31, 1908, 220,616, and 8,539 remaining suspended. The number of comrades reported as having died between December 31, 1907, and December 31, 1908, was 10,124. Our gains during the fiscal year by muster and transfer, reinstatement and by gain from delinquent reports total 21,154."

The speaker told of difficulties encountered in securing round trip rate of one fare to the Salt Lake encampment, saying: "You will observe, comrades, that I have labored earnestly and zealously with the great railroad corporations in the interest of the G. A. R. for a reasonable rate to and from our encampment, for the men who from '61 to '65 bore the brunt of battle and saved the union—one and indivisible—and that the great railroad corporations which girdle it with their tracks have no feeling of patriotism and make no concessions to the comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic."

Some excitement may develop tomorrow when a new commander-in-chief will be elected and the next meeting place decided, although it is generally believed that ex-Governor Samuel R. Van Sant, of Minnesota, is the choice for the one, and Atlantic City, N. J., for the other.

Business sessions were held today by the women of the G. A. R., the Woman's Relief Corps, the Army Nurses, the Daughters of Veterans, and the Naval War Veterans.

CHINESE BELLE SLAIN

Pretty Young Bow Kim Is Stabbed to Death.

New York, August 16.—Chinatown boiled over again on discovery of the murder of the most beautiful of the few Chinese women in New York, Bow Kim, 21 years old, who came here from San Francisco about a year ago with an Americanized Chinaman, Chin Len, 31 years old.

It was about 2 o'clock Sunday morning, just as the usual Saturday night revelry was quieting down, that Chin Len dashed out of a tenement house at 17 Mott street, crying: "My woman been murdered."

The street, filled with loitering Chinamen and parties of American "sight seers," all of whom quickly recalled the sensational murder of Elsie Sigel, the missionary girl, was thrown into excitement.

A policeman and a detective hurried into the house under Len's direction, through dark hallways to a rear room on the second floor. The door was locked and the officers were about to break it in, when Len pushed them aside and unlocked it himself. In a bedroom the murdered woman lay on the floor, stabbed in half a dozen places. Her slender neck was ringed with bloody finger marks, indicating a struggle with her assailant, and beside her lay a crusted hunting knife.

It was evident that the woman had been dead for two or three hours. On the stairs were found traces of blood, and also on a large door leading to the store of Yuen Chin & Co., on the ground floor.

Three Chinese there were arrested, although they denied knowledge of the murder. Six American women, who declared themselves to be the wives of Chinese, were found in the house and arrested, but none would admit any knowledge of Bow Kim's death.

In the murdered woman's room were found many business letters in Chinese, but none that gave a clue. Len declared that he had no idea who killed his wife, unless "maybe See Sing kill her. See Sing say she owe him money and he try to get it." Sing, too, had once been in love with Bow Kim, he said. As to Sing's whereabouts he knew nothing.

Len's account of himself was that he had spent the early evening until 7 o'clock with his wife, and then he had gone to No. 22 Mott street. Returning at 2 o'clock in the morning he found the body on the floor. In touching it he had soiled his hands with blood, which in turn had smeared the door and stairway as he hurried to the street. No formal charge has been preferred against Len, but he is held in $5,000 bail as a "material witness."

LYNCHED BECAUSE HE SUED

Monroe, La., August 16.—Because a negro sued a white man for shooting the negro's cow, the negro was lynched near Doss, in Moorehouse parish Saturday night. The negro was hanged to a tree near his home and his body was riddled with bullets.

NAVY TO MOBILIZE

Spain Orders Big Force of Warships to Help Army in Attack on Moors.

Madrid, August 13.—All of the vessels of the Spanish navy have received orders to concentrate at Melilla, Morocco, where a Spanish force of some 38,000 men under the command of General Marina, is confronted by a strong gathering of Moors, who resent Spain's punitive expedition against them.

This naval movement is believed to mean that General Marina is ready to make his advance upon the Moorish horde. The warships will cover the Spanish coast fortifications and protect them from attack when the troops move forward.

Although the Spanish army at Melilla now numbers nearly 40,000 men, there are fully 50,000 Moors confronting them, while hundreds daily are added to the beseiging host.

The Moors who surround the Spanish kept up an incessant attack all day Thursday. In the evening, however, they withdrew to the hills and built great fires by the light of which they continued their fusillade on the town and garrison.

The Spanish artillery continues to bombard Mt. Guruga, the headquarters of the Moorish positions. Several modern guns of French construction have arrived, but the Spanish artillerymen are having considerable difficulty in learning how to manipulate them.

Friendly natives bring in reports that although the Spanish artillery is destroying the camps of the Moors, it is not causing great loss of life, as the Riffs have built a series of subterranean chambers and passages under their locations in which they take refuge, emerging only when the cannonading is over.

One by one the telegraph wires connecting Alhucemas and Ceuta with Penon de la Gomera have been cut by the Moorish bullets, and it is probable that the garrison very soon will be completely isolated. There is a chance, however, that the telepraph employes will succeed in repairing the lines.

Premier Maura was questioned today regarding the situation in Morocco, but declined to discuss the likelihood of a crisis except to say that personally he wished to retire from office, but that he had no hope of realizing his desire at this time.

PLAN IMPERIAL ARMY

British Colonies to Join in Defense System.

London, August 14.—One great homogeneous imperial British army, uniformly trained and equipped, is to be the outcome of the imperial conferences on the naval and military defences of the empire held at the foreign office the latter part of July.

This was the one suggestion submitted to the colonial delegates by the home government and after exhaustive discussions by the military committee which has now concluded its labors, it has obtained the complete acquiescence of the over-sea representatives.

In general terms the plan provides that all troops of self-governing colonies shall undergo precisely the same training as the home regulars, in order to be ready to take their places beside the latter whenever and wherever necessity may arise.

Military training colleges along the lines of the staff college at Camberley are to be established in the over-sea dominions, and there is to be a continuous interchange of officers from all parts of the empire so as to insure absolutely uniformity of organization and training.

In a recent speech outlining the probable strength of this army of the empire, War Secretary Haldane estimated that the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa could furnish a total of 46 divisions. This is equivalent to 23 army corps, about 800,000 men, which is the strength of the German army on a peace footing. This is to be the regular army and is district from the territorial army which will be the equivalent of the German reserves.

THAW RETURNS NEXT WEEK

Order Is Signed That Sends Him to Matteawan.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., August 13.—Harry K. Thaw will go back to Matteawan Wednesday, August 18. Justice Isaac N. Mills today signed the formal order recommitting him to the asylum on that date. He said that he allowed Thaw to stay five days more at the White Plains jail on the plea of his mother. The justice's recommendation that Thaw be granted the privileges he enjoyed during the first three months at the institution, was made mandatory and a part of the order.

AIR CRAFT WILL DECIDE WAR

General Grant Sees Great Future for Aeroplane.

Pittsburg, August 13.—The third day's sessions of the convention of the Army of the Philippines was marked yesterday by the speech delivered by Major General Frederick D. Grant, commander of the department of the lakes, who said:

"I candidly believe that airships will be the deciding factor in future warfare. The war department is watching with intense interest the development of the aeroplane. To my mind these air craft will play the important part in war times to come."

Interesting discussion was carried on by the delegates concerning the adoption of insignia or uniforms for the organization. A motion to adopt slouch hats and frock coat was laid on the table, as one delegate in objecting to the motion, characterized such dress as "dudes' clothes such as Col. Roosevelt abhorred."

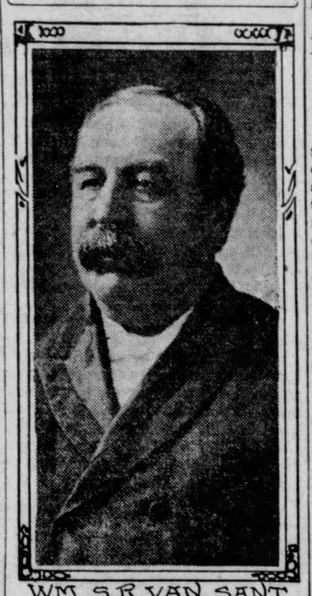
WANT FIVE BILLION DOLLARS

Irrigation Congress to Ask Nation for Sum.

Spokane, August 11.—Delegates to the National Irrigation congress set about to relieve the arid land situation today when resolutions beginning with a request for "ample funds," and ending with a request for a fund of $5,000,000,000 were introduced. The resolution asking for a national 3 per cent bond issue of $5,000,000,000 was introduced by the secretary of the board of control, Arthur Hooler, of Spokane. It is proposed to use this fund in five portions, as follows:

One billion for drainage, one billion for irrigation, one billion for deep waterways, one billion for good roads and one billion for forest preservation. It was asked that a committee present the request to congress.

NEW G. A. R. CHIEF



WM. S. R VAN SANT.

VAN SANT IS CHOSEN

Is Elected Commander-in-Chief of Grand Army.

Salt Lake, August 13.—In the election of officers of the G. A. R., Samuel R. Van Sant, of Minnesota, was made commander-in-chief, defeating William A. Ketcham, of Indiana, by a vote of 587 to 156.

The other officers elected are: Senior vice commander, W. M. Bostaph, Ogden; junior vice commander, Judge Alfred Beers, Bristol, Conn.; surgeon general, W. H. Lemon, Lawrence, Kas.

Mrs. Jennie L. Berry, of Des Moines, was elected national president of the Woman's Relief Corps.

Atlantic City was chosen today as the scene of the encampment in 1910.

An ineffectual attempt was made yesterday to abolish the custom of electing a senior vice commander from the department acting as host of the encampment. The principal attack on the precedent was made by R. B. Beath, commander of the department of Pennsylvania. The convention elected W. M. Bostapn, of Utah, as senior commander. Resolutions affecting congressional legislation will be reported from committees before the day's work is done.

In ratifying the nominations made yesterday, the Daughters of Veterans will elect Minnie Trescott Guittard, of Alliance, O., president, to succeed Clara F. Hoover, who declined a renomination.

HALF BLIND MAN HOODOOED

Was Near Starvation When Charity Found Him.

Denver, Col., August 16.—That "one woe doth tread upon another's heels so fast they follow" certainly applies to I. A. Wells, a laborer, living at 1423 Fox street.

Half blind—one eye totally gone and the other almost worthless—broken in body by the harsh caprices of a grim misfortune, and totally destitute, Wells' condition is about as desperate as it is possible to conceive. He has a mother, 68 years old. There was no food in the house when the case was discovered by the Salvation Army. The house rent was due, and the bed-ridden man and his old mother remain there at the tolerance of their landlord.

Despite their terrible straits they have suffered uncomplainingly and the attention of the Salvationists was called to them by others.

Some weeks ago Wells fell from a scaffold and sustained injuries which confined him to his bed. A few days ago he managed to get out and secured a job assisting in the wrecking of an old house. He fell into a cellar, breaking an ankle.

The Salvation Army was notified of the case by people who knew the condition of Wells and his mother, and Adjutant Edward F. Baldwin took groceries to the house. They were very badly needed.

FLAG TRAIN AT CHASM

Woman Waves Parasol at Brink of Abyss.

Newark, August 16.—That the train load of excursionists bound for Cedar Point did not find watery graves here yesterday was due to the fact that a man and a woman flagged the train on the brink of a yawning chasm formed by the sweeping away of the new Orchard street bridge. The woman had a red parasol with her and waved the danger signal to the engineer, who immediately applied the brakes and brought the train to a standstill.

The situation was explained to him, then the passengers piled out alongside of the train and looked at the void where the bridge had been. Then when the passengers turned to think their rescuers it was learned that they had slipped away without disclosing their identity. The train was backed into Newark and the excursionists did not get to go to the Lake Erie resort.

SOUTHWEST IS ROASTING

Hottest Weather Experienced in Eight Years.

Kansas City, Mo., August 16.—The last 24 hours was the hottest experienced in the south west since 1901. Several temperatures of 105, and many above 100 were recorded. Enid, Oklahoma, reported 105; Fort Smith, Ark., 102; Concordia, Kan., 102, and Lamar, Mo., 101. The heat continued today. No deaths have been reported.

Last night was the warmest night in years. At midnight the temperature at Topeka was 84 while 87 was recorded in Kansas City. Many persons spent the nights in the parks or slept on porches or lawns. There was much suffering in the densely populated districts.

At 10 o'clock this morning the temperature at Kansas City was 89 degrees in the government observatory, eleven stories above the street.

PENNY DOES NICKEL'S WORK

New Copper Coins Will Throw Telephone Lever.

Washington, August 16.—It has been discovered that the new Lincoln is five times as valuable, in one respect at least, as the old Indian head cent. Being a trifle larger and heavier than the old one-cent piece, the new coin, it has been ascertained, to the exceding discomfiture of the telephone companies, will answer the place of a five-cent piece when making a call. Already many Lincoln pennies have been found in its pay station boxes by the local telephone company.

EASY DAY FOR TOILERS

Flood of Prosperity to Come in Wake of Great Harvest.

Chicago, August 16.—Cheaper food for the masses of the people, consequent decrease in the cost of living and increase in ability to provide better home conditions and surroundings, is the burden of the annual summary of conditions in the United States taken from the reports received from all points in the country by the Commercial National bank of Chicago.

For a number of years this institution has engaged in the work of securing and compiling reports from every section, covering industrial, commercial and financial conditions. As the facts gathered are obtained from bankers, leading business men and crop experts in each locality, credit of accuracy and conservatism is given to the statements the bank's report contains. The report in complete form is out today, and, as usual, the bank finds an enormous demand for copies of it.

Era of Prosperity Here.

Upon the information received from the Commercial National bank's correspondents the bank, in its summary, declares unequivocally that the country has entered upon an era of unexcelled prosperity. This is due not only to the bumper crop conditions, which will cheapen the cost of foodstuffs, but to the fact that during the period of depression beginning in 1907 and continuing to the much better conditions of the present, surplus stocks have been practically eshausted and must be rebuilt.

This means the whirr of activity in every industrial line, consequent increased employment, a broader movement of the currency and a general loosening of the pursestrings which were knotted securely when the cloud of depression hung over the country.

Following are some of the more salient features of the summary of its reports issued in advance by the Commercial National bank, the comment being verbatim extracts from that summary:

Crops at Bumper Record.

"Yields of the great cereals this year are at a bumper record; the final determination will be required to give it first or second place with 1906, when wheat, corn and oats as recorded by the agricultural department aggregated 4,627,000,000 bushels. The yield of wheat per acre was only exceeded once in recent years, the aggregate of 735,049,000 falls a little below the 1906 crop of 735,260,000 bushels, which was the second largest crop ever gathered, the record being made in 1901, when 748,000,000 took the edge off a poor corn yield. The effect of this great crop coming after two years of small yields has stimulated business as elsewhere recounted; it comes in time to replenish the depleted stocks on farms, granaries, elevators, mills, warehouses and stores. The returns are the more gratifying because the year opened unpropitiously.

Corn Yet Reigns.

"King Corn sits again in majesty over his domain; the plant has been more vigorous and promises a production far beyond the 2,668,000,000 bushels of last year. Our returns indicate a crop of 2,974,000,000 bushels. The acreage has been materially increased, being 103,000,000 to 101,000,000 last year—the great increase has been in Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana and other southern states. The big belt holds its own, with an increase; Illinois exceeding 10,000,000 on the government estimate of acreage. The condition has been splendid everywhere all the summer, except in the drouth region of the southwest, and a small drouth area over the east.

Oats a Help to Ohio.

"Oats has come into its own again as corn, and the outlook is for a crop of 940,000,000 bushels. Last year our estimate of 840,000,000 bushels was made when the government August report indicated 873,000,000 bushels, and the final government figures were scaled 30,000,000 bushels. This year the oats acreage has been increased materially, and the yield has been unusually large in many states. Ohio gained more in her oats crop than she lost in wheat, not only in bushels but in value, and her larger oats acreage was due to the inability to seed wheat. Indiana is in like position, both these states reporting marvelous yields per acre in contrast with the previous two years.

"The barley crop promises a total of 183,431,000 bushels, comparing with 166,756,000 bushels last year, and rye a crop of 35,131,000 bushels against 31,851,000 a year ago.

Prosperity Here Again.

"It is no longer necessary to speak in cautious terms of faint and scattered sight of industrial revival. The evidence of improving conditions is too abundant and conclusive to be gainsaid. The movement has developed so rapidly during the last three months, and now includes so many lines and has gained such momentum that, with fundamental conditions all favorable, a relapse is no longer to be feared.

"All of the signs that denote rising prosperity and all the conditions precedent are at hand. The wreckage of the panic has been cleared away; the apprehensions which it aroused have disappeared, and our people are facing the future with an optimism and courage born of knowledge of the wonderful resources of this country. Shelves are bare of surplus goods and the country has grown up to its facilities and equipment. At this opportune time to inaugurate a new era of prosperity comes the best all-round crop ever produced in this country.

Cheaper Cost of Living.

"The value of such a crop at this juncture is inestimable, for all lines of business will feel its stimulating influence and all citizens will share in its benefits. The farming class has enjoyed a remarkable period of prosperity, covering the last eleven years, and its buying power has been the great steadying factor in the industrial situation since the late depression began. But the prices of all farm products, which have reached in recent months the highest general level ever known, have been oppressive to the consumer and the source of much discontent.

"The food crops of 1909 are so generous in their proportions that a noticeable decline in the cost of living may be expected, while the farmer will make up in quantity what he loses in price and continue to be as good a customer as heretofore. Wheat, on the harvest reports, has declined 15 cents a bushel, and if the present prospects for corn are realized, meats will be cheaper. Large crops of oats, barley, flax and hay also mean more feed for live stock and lower prices for dairy products and other table foods.

Awakens All Industries.

"At the same time the unprecedented volume of the crops will supply a heavy business for the railroads, warehousemen, millers, packers and middlemen, furnish additional employment for labor and stimulate the demand for equipment and supplies. The trade centers that are in immediate touch with the best agricultural districts, such as St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City, Des Moines and Sioux City make very rosy reports upon trade conditions and prospects.

"The railroads are not yet spending money as they did in the years 1905-07, but at the rate the traffic of the country is developing they must constantly improve their facilities for handling it. Money is now obtainable on fair terms and a good degree of activity in railway construction may be expected next year.

"Building operations throughout the country are now on an unprecedented scale, the permits issued in cities where records are kept showing for the first six months of this year values 50 per cent over the first six months of 1908 and slightly in excess of the phenomenal year 1907.

Activity in All Lines.

"The activity in construction, the renewal of purchases by railways and the increasing orders due to the exhaustion of mercantile stocks, have worked a revolution in the iron and steel industry. From a condition of great depression it has come back since February to practically normal activity. Wages have been fully restored, prices have had a reasonable advance and manufacturers commonly predict that 1910 will be the greatest year in the history of the industry.

"The production of copper is the greatest on record and that of lead rapidly approaching normal. The manufacturers of heavy machinery, power plants and electrical equipment, all of whom suffered a practical suspension of business in 1908, are up to about 75 per cent of their capacity and look for full activity next year.

"The textile manufacturers are generally running to their capacity, which is being considerably enlarged by new mills and additions. The manufacturers of agricultural implements never had a better business. The automobile industry is still making phenomenal gains, the piano trade is not complaining, the silverware business is good, and generally speaking the demand for luxuries warrants the conclusion that reasonably good times are here."

A YEAR TO PAY

Just consider what a wonderful convenience it would be to you to be able to take 10 to 30 months in which to settle for your purchases. Consider the advantage of being able to furnish your home completely and to enjoy the full use of the goods while paying for them. That's exactly what we offer you today—and it is by far the most generous credit service that was ever given by any home furnishing institution on the face of the globe. Remember, it matters not where you live or what your position or income may be, you are perfectly welcome to this most helpful credit service. Use it freely! Send only a small amount with your order, and then pay the balance a little each month as you earn the money. We charge absolutely nothing for this credit accommodation—NO INTEREST—no extras of any kind.

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do a volume of business greater than that of any other store or combination of stores on earth—none excepted. We have furnished nearly 2,000,000 homes—have been in business 54 years and stand today pre-eminent in our line—the oldest, largest and best known home furnishing concern on the American Continent. Capital and surplus larger than that of any other similar institution in the world.

PRICES POSITIVELY UNMATCHABLE

We can save you from 20% to 40% on any article you may need in your home. We can cut under the prices of any other firm in the business. You can't afford to place an order with any other concern on earth, until you have received our Big Catalogues—simply can't afford to.

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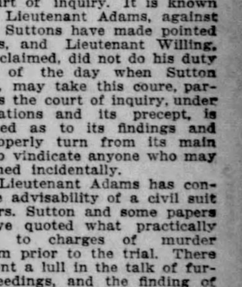

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MOTHER MAY SUE

Inquiry Not Likely to End Discussion of Sutton's Death.

Annapolis, Md., August 16.—Whether the verdict of the court of inquiry as to the death of Lieutenant James N. Sutton, of the United States marine corps, will put an end to all proceedings in connection with that affair or whether it is simply the beginning of litigation which will carry the matter through both civil and service tribunals is being discussed here.

While Mrs. Sutton and Mrs. Parker, the mother and sister of the dead officer, are not making any statement in advance of the announcement by the court of its findings, Mrs. Sutton really told friends here that she would not drop the matter if the conclusion did not absolve her son's memory from the stigma of suicide. It is understood that she will either seek to secure an indictment before a federal court against the officer she charges with her son's murder, or by suing on life insurance policies which, it is said, have been refused payment, to attempt to secure a verdict by an impartial tribunal that her son did not commit suicide.

On the other hand, some of the officers whose names have been brought into the matter may seek a method of rehabilitating themselves by asking for a court of inquiry. It is known that both Lieutenant Adams, against whom the Suttons have made pointed accusations, and Lieutenant Willing, who, it is claimed, did not do his duty as officer of the day when Sutton was killed, may take this coure, particularly as the court of inquiry, under the regulations and its precept, is very limited as to its findings and cannot properly turn from its main purposes to vindicate anyone who may be mentioned incidentally.

Finally, Lieutenant Adams has considered the advisability of a civil suit against Mrs. Sutton and some papers which have quoted what practically amounted to charges of murder against him prior to the trial. There is at present a lull in the talk of further proceedings, and the finding of the court of inquiry is awaited with tremendous interest. It is almost possible, however, that its conclusions will be such as to prevent an additional action in civil courts.

RICH MOTHERS ADVISED

Daughter of John D. Writes a Book.

New York, August 16.—Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, daughter of John D. Rockefeller, makes her debut as an author in a magazine article, entitled What My Children Means to Me.

Mrs. McCormick finds that motherhood means "the fulness of living," and brings to every woman the opportunity to be "a queen." Far from hampering or restricting the activities of clever women, children lead to a higher purpose and a broader usefulness in life, Mrs. McCormick asserts.

"In the capacity of mother," she writes, "the woman of beauty, of talent, of charm, of executive ability, of strong conviction, of artistic temperament, of high ideals, of broad intelligence, of commanding presence, of deep feeling, of noble ambitions, of love of humanity, finds her greatest glory.

Happiness of Mother Love.

"It is only after we ourselves have felt, have suffered or have enjoyed that we can say, 'I know.' Why then should we not welcome the unfolding that comes to us after marriage and receive fulness of the Creator's great gift."

Of the happiness of motherhood Mrs. McCormick says:

"When we waken to the realization that the baby in our arms is our own, that we have the right, the privilege, the honor to be called mother, we find that something new is within us, a love different from any we have experienced before—a pride, a jealous care, a great, overwhelming joy.

"A little soul is loaned to us to love and care for. What great confidence God has put in our love and our wisdom to make us such a gift!

There Are No Sacrifices.

"The child who today lies in our arms, entirely helpless and dependent, is going to grow and develop. We must then bestir ourselves. Are we going to be prepared to meet each phase of development wisely and capably? Is the unfolding of this spirit going to be met by an intelligent, loving mind, ready to grasp, to guide, to advise? If this is so, how wonderful is each moment of every day!"

Of the often-mentioned "sacrifices in a mother's life?" Mrs. McCormick continues, in her Delineator article:

"May I ask what sacrifice is? Is doing what love prompts us to do ever a hardship or a deprivation? Are not the noblest deeds of life the deeds prompted by love? In our married life it is love which paves each day's path with roses, which makes the thorns in the way not less pointed, but hurtless. Has any queen a greater chance to make her individuality felt than we, each in her home?"

SEES SON AFTER 43 YEARS

Man Who Enlisted in Union Army Mourned as Dead.

Georgetown, Del., August 13.—Living as close as Philadelphia, Isaac Cannon saw his son, Alfred Cannon, who lives here, for the first time since 1865, when the son was but one year old.

The father enlisted in the Union forces during the war, and after his term was over went to Philadelphia, his family here believing that he was dead. Since then he has never visited any of the family. Last week he became desirous of seeing them again and wrote to his son, who could hardly believe the letter after he had read it. When the father, who is now 71 years old, arrived yesterday, there was an affecting reunion.

ARMY OF NEGROES

Scheme Will Add 200,000 Men to the Nation's Defensive Force.

London, August 16.—Just at present peace reigns supreme in Europe and sovereigns and heads of state are falling upon each other's necks as part of the day's work. No wonder that from both France and Germany reports come of proposals to add enormously to the defensive forces of the two countries.

Col. Mangin, of the French army, is promoting a scheme which, if adopted by the French government, will give France a negro army of 200,000 well trained and disciplined men. The idea is to extend conscription to French West Africa and the Sudan. France has already some 18,000 negro soldiers whose bravery has never been questioned.

It is also proposed to raise an army of 100,000 Arabs, but as there might be danger in leaving so large a force of Arabs in garrison in Algiers, 30,000 of them would be garrisoned in France and their place in Algiers would be taken by black soldiers from the Soudan.

Germany easily caps this scheme by a step by which nearly two and a half millions of well trained and disciplined sharpshooters have virtually been added to her army. The new imperial chancellor has given permission to the members of the 27,676 German veterans' societies, numbering 2,402,644 men, to practice rifle shooting on the military shooting with army rifles.

All the requests of the veterans' societies for such permission had been refused previously, but after the recent schutzenfest at Hamburg another petition was forwarded to the chancellor, this time with successful results. Thus an immense army, the members of which have served their term in the active army

HASKELL ACUSES JURY

Indictments in Town Lot Cases Obtained by Fraud, He Declares.

Muskogee, Okla, August 17.—Attorneys for Governor Charles N. Haskell and the five other defendants, indicted in connection with the alleged Muskogee town lot frauds, have filed motions in the federal court here to quash the indictments, setting forth a number of sensational allegations.

Aside from charges against five grand jurors and the allegation of improper conduct on the part of United States Marshal Grant Victor, the allegations deal largely with the grand jury's selection, with especial objection to the exclusion of Muskogee county, the home of the defendants, from the territory from which the jury was chosen.

Intimidation Is Charged.

It is alleged that George W. Strawn, J. H. Dixon, J. C. Burgess, A. G. Dumas and W. T. Bailey, members of the grand jury which indicted the defendants, deliberately sought to go on that jury with a view to returning indictments; that Strawn, as foreman, conspired to intimidate the other jurors into voting indictments after they had refused to do so. The motion insists that Foreman Strawn repeatedly told the jurors they probably would be charged with perjury if they failed to indict, and at one time, when the ballot stood eight to eight, he called for an open vote so he would know who should be prosecuted.

It is alleged that out of eight talesmen selected, seven were partisan Republicans and the eighth a bitter personal enemy of Governor Haskell.

After pointing out numerous technicalities in the manner and time of the grand jury's selection, the motion declares there was no evidence to show a conspiracy to defraud and that the secretary of the interior and all of its departments in the Indian Territory were fully aware of how the lots were scheduled and that no objection was raised.

Six Men Indicted.

The six defendants were indicted by the federal grand jury at Tulsa, Oklahoma, on May 27, charged with obtaining titles for the government to town lots in Muskogee by illegal methods.

The five co-defendants of Governor Haskell, all wealthy citizens of Oklahoma, are: C. W. Turner, A. Z. English, W. R. Eaton, W. T. Hutchins and E. B. S. Evers.

Governor Haskell and six other defendants had previously been indicted on the same charge, but on April 10 last Federal Judge John A. Marshall, of Uutah, upheld a motion for the defendants to quash the indictments. The indictments were quashed on technical grounds.

WHIRLPOOL WINS FIGHT

Nervy 18-Year-Old Boy Is Beaten by Niagara's Mighty Power.

Niagara Falls, August 17.—August Sporer, an 18-year-old boy of this city, went to his death yesterday in the whirlpool rapids after a gallant battle with the giant waves between the lower bridges and the pool. In the death swim he went 100 yards further than did Captain Webb, the great English swimmer.

With three companions Sporer went for a swim in the river at the former Maid of the Mist landing. He struck out at once for the middle of the stream and then turned toward the bridges. His companions called to him to turn back, for the current is very swept at that point, but he kept on down stream and was caught in the great sweep, the first break from the smoother water to the rapids.

Fights for His Life.

The boy struggled for a time against the current, but to no avail. Then, realizing that he was beyond human help and was to be carried through the rapids, which took the life of Captain Webb, and which have resisted every unaided human effort at passage, he deliberately turned down stream and began a grim fight for life.

Not in all the history of the river has such a brave effort been witnessed. Although but a frail boy, he went into the rapids, swimming strongly, and held his own until he struck the giant wave which curls up opposite the old battery elevator. Then he went under and for a second was lost to sight of the score of people who stood on the lower arch bridge.

Is Lost to View.

Again and again he disappeared, only to reappear, each time fighting desperately against the terrible current. Then, when within 300 yards of the whirlpool, his strength gave out and he sank and was lost to view.

The body can now be seen in the whirlpool, where river men are waiting for it to be brought in toward shore far enough to be recovered.

DRAGS CHILDREN FROM DEATH

Fireman Snatches Them From Perilous Position.

Wellston, August 17.—Two children were saved from death by Charles Carpenter, a firemen on a Detroit, Toledo & Ironton switch engine. Seeing the children playing in the middle of the track, Carpenter dashed out on the running board and, leaning far out from the pilot, caught them in his arms.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

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I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3888 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

FORESEES BUSY YEAR

Commerce Expert Predicts a Rush in Business.

Washington, August 17.—Heavier business than ever has been known in a single year is anticipated by Chairman Knapp, of the interstate commerce commission, for American railroads during the present fiscal year. The serious situation anticipated not only by Judge Knapp, but by other officials of the commission and by operating railroad men generally is that there may be a shortage of cars. Crop prospects are considered so bright that the likelihood is the railroads and other transportation companies may be taxed beyond their capacity to handle the freight that will be offered them.

Already, according to figures submitted to the interstate commerce commission, railroads in considerable number have recovered from the low business pressure of a year and a half ago and now are handling almost as much traffic as they handled in the rush months of 1907, the banner year in American railroading.

In the view of Chairman Knapp, the roads are now in better position to carry freight than they were in 1907 and he said yesterday that it would not surprise him if that year's record were broken this year.

"The railroads learned a good lesson in 1907," said Chairman Knapp. "Then they were absolutely unable to handle promptly the traffic that was offered to them. Since that time they have added materially to their equipment, have improved their roadbeds and, in every respect, have increased their facilities. I do not doubt this year will be a red-letter period for them and for the country."

TO DRAW RACIAL LINE

Whites of South Africa Oppose Equality.

London, August 17.—The house of commons unanimously passed the second reading of the South African constitution bill. In the course of the debate ex-Premier Balfour said that the house, in dealing with the question of a constitution for the federation of South African colonies—the Transvaal, Cape Colony, the Orange River state and Natal—was discussing one of the most important events in the history of the British empire. The bill, he declared, was a most wonderful issue from all the controversies, battles, bloodshed and difficulties to peace, and he believed the world could not show anything like it.

The race problem, Mr. Balfour said, was but a fractional part of the great questions parliament was now deciding. He strongly denied that it was intended to give the colored races equality with Europeans, declaring that so far as the government, society and the higher forms of civilization were concerned it would be impossible to give equal rights to the colored races without threatening the whole fabric of civilization.

In the opinion of Mr. Balfour the best hope for the solution of this great problem was to place absolute and implicit confidence in the representative institutions the South Africans now are creating, and for the home government not to meddle with it. He added that he desired to do nothing that would hamper the government in carrying out a measure so essential to the future of South Africa.

TO FIND OUT WHO'S WHO

Land Office Expects Early Settlement of Dispute.

Washington, August 16.—Secretary Ballinger's aids in the general land office now believe that they can bring the contest between their chief and Forester Gifford Pinchot to an issue within two months.

October 15 has been set as the probable date for the beginning of hearings in the now famous Cunningham case, which involves the question of the ownership of more than 5,000 acres of land in Alaska and more than 50,000,000 tons of coal.

Unless Pinchot decides to resign or retires as the result of a presidential hint before a decision in this case is reached the verdict will determine who is the real power in the work of conservatism, the secretary of the interior or the chief of the forest service.

CUBA GETS RESTLESS

Fear of Rebellion Felt in Washington.

Washington, August 17. — Grave apprehension concerning the Cuban situation is felt at the state department. No efforts are made to conceal a belief that a crisis is fast approaching. Indirect information from official sources, moreover, state that President Taft is indignant because President Gomez is absent on a continued vacation at a time when a revolution may occur. It is also understood that this sentiment was not hidden from Minister Velez, of Cuba, when he called upon the president at Beverly to discuss the situation with him.

The optimistic reports circulated in the last few days are fully discounted at Washington. The absence of an officially authoritative interview on the subject has served to destroy any great credence in these reports. Some of the most cautious observers expect an outbreak before the end of the year. These aver that they would not be surprised at an immediate explosion.

Cuban manufacturing and producing interests, meanwhile, are apprehensive and through the Cuban legation have called upon the American government for active supervision. It also transpires that certain American business interests have gradually entered Cuba in the wedge in the island. These people expect the controlling interests to be in American hands within two years. Gomez is known to be an advocate of "Cuba for Cubans." and hostile to all foreigners. The supremacy of American financial interests in the island. It is conceded in Washington, would mean the certain downfall of the Gomez administration.

LOSE LIVES ON MOUNT TACOMA

Two Climbers Are Believed to Have Perished Near Crater.

Tacoma, Wash., August 17.—T. F. Callaghan, of West Seattle, and Joseph W. Stevens, of Trenton, N. J., are believed to have lost their lives while endeavoring to ascend Mount Tacoma.

Today a rescue party found the Alpine staffs and packs of the lost men 10 feet from the crater.

The two men left camp at 2:30 Saturday morning without a guide. They had but little food, and it is believed they perished from hunger, cold or accident.

ARRANGES FOR DIAZ'S VISIT

Mexico Makes Plans for Exchange of International Courtesies.

Mexico City, August 17.—The first official admission that President Diaz will meet President Taft next October was made by Minister of Foreign Affairs Marascal today. He said that all details of the event had been arranged with the exception of the granting of permission to President Diaz to leave Mexican soil.

The foreign minister added that the Mexican congress would convene September 15 and that immediately after the president had read his annual message, he would ask the necessary permission to visit El Paso. The minister said there was little doubt that this request would be granted.

PINCHOT TO FIGHT

Head of Forestry Bureau Won't Resign Office Under Fire.

Washington, August 17.—Forester Gifford Pinchot has determined not to resign under fire. In the first authorized interview that has emanated from the forest service bureau since the beginning of the fight between Secretary Ballinger and Mr. Pinchot, Assistant Forester Overton Price, Pinchot's immediate assistant and closest confidant, today declared that his chief would not give up his work until he was "stopped."

Although the chief of the forest service has long been known as a fighter and a man most unlikely to be bowled over by adverse criticism, even from officials who might be able to use their influence to end his career, the flat statement made by Associate Forester Price removes all doubt concerning Pinchot's attitude in the coming months of the contest between his bureau and the interior department. Mr. Pinchot is in the fight to a finish. If he ceases to be head of the forest service it will be because he has been removed by an executive order signed by President Taft. He is not to resign.

Hard upon the heels of Mr. Price's statement came the information from a high official who is not in any way involved in the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy that President Taft has promised to stand by his secretary of the interior in the coming fight over the Cunningham syndicate's Alaskan claims.

As more of the details of the difficulty are dragged to light it becomes more evident that Secretary Ballinger has neglected no precaution to insure his success in the final test of strength between himself and Pinchot. Whether the decision of the Cunningham cases proves the assertions of the interior department officials or the suspicions of the forest service experts, the secretary of the interior will be entrenched.

It is definitely known now that Mr. Ballinger has made no movement in any of the cases where there was a likelihood of a difference of opinion between himself and Mr. Pinchot without consulting the President.

Thus far Mr. Taft has given his approval to the various steps which have been taken by the interior department. Only the proof that the department has violated some provision of the law can be expected to alienate the President's support from his cabinet officer in the fight.

INDIAN ASSASSIN IS HANGED

Hindu Student Bravely Goes to His Death in London Prison.

London, August 17. — Madarial Dhinagri, the Indian student, who, on the night of July 1, at the conclusion of a public gathering at the Imperial Institute, shot and killed Lieutenant Colonel Sir William Hutt Curbon-Wyllie and Dr. Cawas Lalcaca, was hanged at Pentonville prison at 9 o'clock this morning. Dhinagri was tried and found guilty of this crime and sentenced to death at the Old Bailey police court on July 23.

Only prison officials and a chaplain were present at the execution. Dhinagri showed no signs of fear. He declined to partake of breakfast, and walked to the scaffold calmly and quietly. Death was instantaneous.

WILL HAVE HIGHER HONOR

Japanese Ambassador to Be Made Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Seattle, Wash., August 17.—That Baron Takahira, Japanese ambassador to the United States, will return no more to this country, but will be made minister of foreign affairs of his own government, is stated by well informed Japanese who name as his successor Kosai Uchifda, now ambassador to Austria.

At a farewell dinner, exclusively Japanese, given in a Buddhist temple, the ambassador told his countrymen that they were themselves in large measure responsible for the ill feeling against them in the United States.

AMERICANS GET ONE-FOURTH

Share in Big Loan to China Finally Is Rewarded.

Peking, August 17.—American participation in the Hankow-Sze-Chuen railroad loan was definitely settled at the offices of the foreign board this morning by Henry P. Fletcher, the American charge d'affaires, and Liang Tun-Yen, president of the board. The loan is to be increased from $27,500,000 to $30,000,000, and of this latter amount American bankers are to get one-quarter, the other three-quarters going to British, French and German interests.

BIGGEST BALLOON IN U. S.

Indiana Aeronaut Finishing Huge Dirigible.

Indianapolis, August 17. — George L. Bumbaugh, the aeronaut, in his factory here, is putting the finishing touches on the largest dirigible balloon ever built in America. It will be ready for trial in two weeks.

The bag of the airship will be more than 160 feet long, almost twice the size of the craft which Capt. Thomas S. Baldwin sold to the government. Not only will it be the largest airship of its kind in the United States, but one of the few large ones in the world. It will exceed in size only by the Zeppelin and several of the French military balloons. Its diameter will be 32 feet.

The bag, which has already been completed, is made of strong, extra spun wamsetta balloon muslin, the finest that is made. It is now being varnished. When the various layers of linseed and rubber varnish have been put on it is expected to be proof against any pressure the hydrogen gas may exert.

PLANS FUTURE FLIGHTS

Lease for New Training Grounds Ready to Sign.

Washington, August 17.—Wilbur Wright, who is to instruct Lieuts. Lahm and Faulois, U. S. A., in the manipulation of the signal corps aeroplane, was in Washington for a few hours yesterday. He consulted with the signal corps officers regarding the arrangements for the training flight.

The lease for the grounds at College Park, Md., a few miles from Washington, that are to be used for the flights, has been forwarded to Secretary of War Dickinson at Nashville, Tenn., for his approval.

Mr. Wright left last night for Dayton, O., but will return to Washington when the preliminary arrangements for the training flights have been made.

EIGHT SAVED FROM WRECK

New York, August 17.—Seven men, including the captain of the three-masted schooner Arlington, of Boston, were rescued from their perilous position on the bowsprit of that craft, stranded on a sand bar off Long Beach, Long Island, today. Life savers from the shore effected the rescue. One man, who had put out from the vessel on a life raft, drifted out of sight toward Sandy Hook. Later he was washed ashore, alive, at Rockaway Beach.

NATION FAR BEHIND

American Cities Have Bad Home Conditions.

New York, August 16.—American cities are pronounced 25 years behind progressive Germany, in a bulletin issued today by the committee on congestion of population in New York. The worst evils of unsanitary, immoral and crowded housing are to be found, according to the bulletin, in New York, with Chicago a close and gaining second, and Philadelphia, St. Louis and Cleveland following in the order named.

The pressure of population on the land, it was found, could best be studied in specific instances, block by block, not ward by ward, or by tables of average density for the whole city, since such include streets and open spaces in the acreage on which the averages are founded. Thus, though the average density of population in Chicago is only 21.09 persons to the acre, the Nineteenth ward has a density of 93.76 to the acre; the Sixteenth, 101.11; the Seventeenth, 107.38, and single blocks by the score run as high as 150, with two that reach 200. The most crowded block in New York had a density in 1901 of slightly under 400.

Philadelphia has less congestion to the acre, because there are fewer five and six-story tenement houses, but in one block there were found 104 single-room "housekeeping apartments," in five of which seven persons of all ages and both sexes slept and cooked, six of which had six occupants each, 13 five each, and 27 four each. The Bulletin comments:

"To call huch a habitation a home is a mockery. There is no home life and no privacy possible."

In St. Louis, out of a district covering 125 acres, 50 per cent of the houses occupied by negroes were pronounced unfit for habitation, and in the Polish quarter the average population to the single room was 3.27 persons.

The report on Cleveland instances one solid four-story structure which in itself covers 100 per cent of the space on which it stands, with no wils for air and light. Most of the families took lodgers, and the density of the worst was nine persons to a room. One-third of all the dwellings in the most congested district are pronounced unfit for habitation.

BURNING LINER SINKS

Lucania Is Flooded to Extinguish Fire.

Liverpool, August 16.—The Cunard line steamer Lucania lies submerged at the Huskinson dock, seriously damaged, having been almost gutted from her funnels forward by fire, which broke out on board Saturday evening. The flames are supposed to have originated in the salon kitchen.

The fire brigade of the vessel, with two powerful engines, turned out immediately at the first alarm and found the first salon burning fiercely from end to end. Despite all their efforts, the flames gradually worked forward until they reached the steerage, consuming every particle of the woodwork there, and the played havoc with the forehold.

At this time the heat was tremendous and the flames, shooting high from the vessel, attracted thousands of persons to the side of the river, where they remained throughout the night.

At 3 o'clock Sunday morning it was decided to flood the vessel by admitting water into her from the dock. Soon she heeled over and her funnels came in contact with the cranes on the dock and were badly damaged. A half dozen firemen, who were on the gangway at this time were thrown into the water, but all were rescued. A fleet of tugs was then brought into requisition and pulled the liner upright and held her until she settled firmly on the mud bottom.

It was 10 o'clock before the fire was under control and noon before the fire brigade was able to relinquish its task. The second class quarters and the whole after part of the boat, including the engine room, escaped injury from the flames and comparatively little damage was done to the exterior of the vessel. Her upper part is considerably above water. The first salon skylights were destroyed and the decks forward are badly buckled. Some of the plates of the hull were warped by the heat.

MAKES FINE FLIGHT

Willard in Golden Flyer Goes 12 Miles.

Mineola, N. Y., August 13.—What is said to be a record for cross-country distance flight for an aeroplane in this country was made by C. Foster Willard, in the Golden Flyer, today, when he covered 12 miles in 19½ minutes. This exceeds the 10-mile flight made by the Wright brothers' aeroplane from Fort Myer to Alexandria and back, several weeks ago. Much longer flights within a short circle have, however, been made by the Wrights and longer cross-country flights have been made abroad.

Mr. Willard, who has been making short flights almost daily in the machine belonging to the Aeronautic society, started from Mineola at 5:26 a. m. in an attempt to make a new world's record cross-country flight. His route lay around an irregular square and carried him from Mineola over Garden City, Westbury and Hicksville and back to Mineola, a distance of 14 miles.

Leaving Mineola, Willard sent the machine about 150 feet in the air, and, going off at fast clip, his machine was quickly a speck on the horizon. Soon it disappeared behind the trees and for nearly 10 minutes the watchers waited expectantly. Nearly 15 minutes elapsed when the speck again appeared, miles away, in the direction of Westbury. It was growing larger every minute, and the watchers were preparing to congratulate Mr. Willard when the machine began to glide slowly downward, and then landed in a field between Mineola and Westbury, about two miles from Mineola. The machine was undamaged but the magneto was deranged. On his flight Willard passed over several sets of telegraph wires and groves of trees.

DIES AT AGE OF 101

Death Comes While Man Is Reading the Bible.

Bellefontaine, O., August 17. — Jacob Johnson, aged 101 years and 7 months, died at his Champaign county home this morning while sitting in a chair. He was born in Harrison county in 1808 and removed to Champaign county five years ago. When death came he was reading the Bible.

AIR SCOUTS FOR FLEETS

Officers of United States Would Equip Fast Cruisers.

Washington, August 13.—If Secretary of the Navy Meyer approves, and officers think he will, the navy department soon will advertise for bids for two aeroplanes, which will form the nucleus of the navy's aerial squad. The department plans have gone no further than to frame specifications for the two aeroplanes, but back of it all there is the general plan, as yet not completely formulated, of having an aerial fleet, with the possibility that in the future every warship shall be equipped with an aeroplane.

The navy will require an aeroplane which will rise from land or water. It will be required to remain in the air for four hours, carrying two passengers, and have a speed of forty miles an hour.

While these specifications, as compared with past performances of aeroplanes in this country and abroad, seem difficult, the experts of the department feel that they will have responses to the advertisement for bids. Some of the officials of the navy department talked the matter over with the Wright brothers when the Dayton aviators were at Fort Myer, and those wonders of the air expressed confidence that they could meet the conditions. So America's foremost aviators will be in the field, and it will not be surprising if there are competitors from Europe.

The experts of the navy department see in the use of aeroplanes a new department of naval warfare which will henceforth receive a great deal of attention. The two aeroplanes which the experts now have in mind will be used for scouting purposes only. There will be no specifications in the contract about carrying guns or ammunition. That is a feature that will be worked out later. An airship will be particularly valuable for scouting for submarines.

The plans of the navy department now are that the aeroplanes be carried on scout cruisers. The officers interested have worked out a tentative plan of erecting a covering for the machine on the after-bridge. A shed-like structure could be erected there, which would protect the machine from the elements when not in use. When a flight is to be made this structure could be thrown open. With the cruiser going ahead the airship could easily be launched.

Getting the aerial craft back aboard ship presents more difficulties, and is a feature of aeroplaning which must be worked out.

WATERWAYS OUTLOOK

Burton Says Congress Will Take Some Action at the Next Session.

Washington, August 16. — "The immediate need in the development of the nation's waterways," said Senator Burton, of Ohio, on the eve of setting out for Europe to study transportation on that side of the Atlantic, "is legislation that will enforce a policy of live and let live as between the railroads and the waterways. The fact that this nation carries no greater part of its freight by water is not primarily due to a lack of development of the streams. It is due to a domination on the part of the railroads.

"Take, for instance, the Mississippi between St. Louis and the mouth of the Ohio. This government has spent more money on that section of that one river than has Germany on the Rhine. Yet the German stream hauls a hundred times as much freight as goes up and down this section of the Mississippi. Now there is no fundamental reason why Americans will not use their waterways for transportation purposes. They do not do so, because they have been prevented from doing so."

Roads Throttle Projects.

Senator Burton went on to explain that it was not the part of sound business judgment, under present conditions, for any individual or corporation to spend the money necessary to enter the transportation busines on any of the streams of the United States. There are many points where this could be done and good profits received at the rates that are now being paid for transportation from point to point. It would be profitable to spend millions in the building of steamboats to carry that freight if the builders had any assurance that the present rates would be maintained or if they knew that any approximate rate would be maintained.

They might build these boats if they were assured that the railroads would not haul freight at a loss. But they have no such assurance, he said. It would in all probability develop that when their vessels were in operation the railroads would cut the rates on what the boats hauled to such a figure that they assuredly would be starved out.

It is good business on the part of the railroads to kill water transportation in its infancy and this they have systematically done up to the present time, the senator added.

Mr. Burton's position is that the nation suffers because of this suppression of water traffic. He holds that the suppression of the water traffic could be prevented if congress, knowing all the facts, should place rates between given points below which the railroads were not allowed to cut their rates.

Benefit Seen in Germany.

Germany has done this and developed the two systems side by side. The traffic on the railways has not suffered and the country has greatly benefited.

"Is there any likelihood of congress taking any action in this direction?" Senator Burton was asked.

"There is every assurance of some such action on the part of congress," he replied. "I can't say that it will come next session. It is the vital initiative measure in the whole matter and it will come."

These statements made by Senator Burton, the chairman of the joint waterways commission of congress, and former chairman of the house committee on rivers and harbors, are taken as indicative of the spirit of congress and as promising action that will aid waterways development in the immediate future.

Mr. Burton is listened to above all other men by his associates in congress with relation to waterways. It is the report that he and his associates of the joint commission will bring in next fall that will be the basis of the congressional viewpoint in the coming session. His statement upon leaving for the continent may be taken as an indication of the tenor that report will take.

INVALID SET ADRIFT ON RAFT

His Relatives Turn Him Over to Mercy of River.

Sharon, Pa., August 17.—Because he was a burden on his kinsmen through continued and hopeless illness, police assert, Steve Robich, of Little Italy, was cast adrift without clothes, food or money, and without oars or a pole, on a raft in the Shenango river.

A policeman rescued the helpless man after he had floated on the raft several miles down the river. The authorities took him to the poor farm, where physicians say he cannot live.

Investigation among Robich's kinsmen is said by the police to have developed admissions that the man, sick and unable to earn his share of the food and clothing necessary for the colony, had been cast adrift purposely to rid his kinsmen of his care.

GREAT FIRE IN GLASGOW

Glasgow, August 17.—Fire broke out at an early hour this morning in the retail business quarter of Glasgow, and several squares of buildings were consumed. The damage is estimated at $1,250,000.

RECOVERY IS RAPID

Extraordinary Conditions in Wall Street.

New York, August 16. — Henry Clews' financial review says:

Conditions in Wall street are altogether extraordinary. On every hand there are signs of recuperation, and business is rapidly recovering ground lost after the panic. Improvement in industry and in trade is now being followed by a good harvest, and the nation's cup of good fortune appears to be filled to the brim. This does not mean that we have regained the activity and profits of the boom year; they are still remote; but it does mean that a very substantial and wholesome recovery has already taken place which promises to continue for some time to come.

The controlling factor outside of the stock market is the crop outlook. This is exceedingly encouraging. In spite of the fact that July and August are usually months of deterioration, the prospects are for large crops of corn, wheat and oats. Corn and oats promise record-breaking yields, and wheat is threshing out much better than anticipated a month ago, and it is quite possible that we may shortly garner next to the largest wheat crop the country has ever raised. All fears of a bread famine have consequently disappeared ,and there will be no shortage of wheat in this part of the world. The price has dropped to about last year's level, and indications are that we shall have a fair amount to spare for export. Since the world's supply of wheat is much reduced, not having kept pace with population, we are certain of good prices for our surplus; a fact of much consequence in the restoration of our diminished export trade. Cotton appears to be recovering somewhat from July injuries, and in view of the short-time movements in European mills and the larger European visible supply, it does not look as if there would be any serious shortage in the supply. The situation, however, favors good prices for cotton, which will benefit the south and also help to swell the value of our exports. As cotton is an important factor in the supply of foreign exchange bills, ample offerings of cotton and grain bills would be useful later on in restraining gold exports.

The money market shows a firmer tendency for both call and time rates. Crop demands are now beginning to assert themselves and western balances in New York will be gradually withdrawn for that purpose. In the end the financing of the crops always falls upon this market, much as the interior prides itself upon its growing financial strength, and we must be prepared to anticipate declining bank reserves. The surplus has already been materially reduced, and the bulk of what remains is held by one or two large institutions. Both Canada and Japan have been carrying large balances in this market for some time past, and these funds are also likely to be withdrawn with more or less freedom; so that it would cause no surprise if further gold exports were to be incurred at a time when funds will be required for the regular crop and business demands. Much will depend upon our export trade and the international movement of securities. Money is still very abundant and there is no immediate prospect of any particular scarcity or stringency.

The present movement in stocks bears all the earmarks of very bold and hazardous speculation. During and after the panic many rich men bought stocks very cheaply, withdrawing funds from ordinary business channels for this particular purpose. Extraordinary profits have been made upon such investments; and now that more profitable employment can be found for such capital either in regular business or in new enterprises, it is folly to suppose that the owners will not take advantage of an unusual situation by turning their profits back into cash. History shows that under conditions such as exist today, money begins to leave stocks and seeks other directions where it is more needed and which are more profitable. Our big bankers and rich men see plenty of opportunities ahead where they can secure better returns than they are now getting on the capital invested in surplus stocks which they are now carrying. Common business sense would induce them to realize under these conditions, and there is no doubt that quiet inside selling has been going on much more freely than is generally anticipated. It will be argued that the encouraging business outlook, the great improvement already experienced, the rising tide of optimism and the abundance of money warrant higher prices. In this it must be admitted there is much truth. Possibly the market leaders may be able to carry prices to a still higher level, especially if they succeed in their efforts to arouse a speculative fever, efforts for which are being tested on a scale and with a power never before witnessed in Wall street. It may be true also that the railroads are sure of a good year; that some dividends may be restored and that others may be increased. It must also be taken into consideration that some of the leaders have big deals in prospect, this apparently being the basis of the rise in the Harriman stocks, and that while such forces are at work there is little chance of any serious reaction. The effect of the proposed segregation of Union Pacific's security holdings is undoubtedly being exaggerated. At the same time it must be recognized that all of these allurements have been amply discounted, and that they are the very factors upon which the big operators are calculating to sell for it is the outsider who usually buys on good news, the insider invariably realizing thereon. Predictions as to the future of the market are extremely hazardous. As just said, prices may go higher, but the tired spots are multiplying and with every advance the danger of a reaction increases, especially as stocks pass from strong into weaker hands.

GRAPE CROPS SAVED

Treatment of Black Rot Proves Success.

Washington, August 13.—Black rot, a disease injurious to grape culture in the eastern half of the United States, and which, of recent years, almost has discouraged commercial grape growers, can be successfully combatted, according to a department of agriculture report on a series of experiments in fighting the disease.

The failure of grape culturists satisfactorily to control black rot caused the bureau of plant industry to begin experiments three years ago in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Michigan. Humidity was found to be favorable to the disease. Several fungicides used for spraying were tried, but none was found to be so satisfactory as bordeaux mixture, composed of four pounds of blue stone, three pounds of lime and 50 gallons of water.

Five sprayings generally produce as good results as a greater number. Unsprayed grapes in 1907 were a total loss, while spraying reduced the loss to 28 per cent. The next season, when the rot was almost as bad on unsprayed vineyards, on the vines sprayed a second season the loss was less than 1 per cent. The good effect appears to be cumulative.

ENORMOUS CORN CROP

Topeka, Kas., August 14.—Kansas will harvest more than 300,000,000 bushels of corn this year. This is the latest revised prediction of a score of men who have recently visited the great corn belt. This state never had such a fine prospect for a crop. Statisticians started in about July 1 to predict a yield of 200,000,000 bushels. This estimate, it was thought, was high. Regularly, heavy rains visited the state weekly, and by the middle of July the total yield was estimated at around 250,000,000 bushels. The crop conditions are better now than they were in 1889, when the state produced its bumper crop of 270,000,000 bushels. The increased acreage over that year makes it easy to predict the probable total yield with reasonable accuracy.

The Kansas corn acreage this year is 7,690,287, or over 600,000 acres more than last year. An average of forty bushels per acre is predicted by many of the big millers of the state. This would produce a yield of more than 300,000,000 bushels. But hundreds of fields will exceed this estimate and produce fifty and fifty-five bushels to the acre. The lowest prediction made by any of the crop experts is 220,000,000 bushels, and the highest is 325,000,000. Reno county, out in the central part of the state and in the center of the great Arkansas valley country, leads this year in acreage and will be the bumper corn county in Kansas. Several counties touched the 100,000-acre list this year.

While the corn in every part of the state is in prime condition, it is especially heavy in northern Kansas. Reports from that section say that the ears are so heavy in many fields that they are weighting down the stalks, and in some places the great ears are breaking the slender stems upon which they hang. The ground is soaked, and nothing can happen now to injure the greatest corn crop ever grown by any western state.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, August 14.—Bradstreet's says: Improvement is more manifest in general trade and industry this week, but there is still present the feeling of conservatism hitherto noted, which makes for small and frequent rather than heavy individual sales. Developments have been largely favorable, chief among these the increased arrivals of buyers in most markets, a greater disposition to take hold for fall and spring delivery, a very favorable government crop report, the continuance of the marked strength in security markets, and the growing firmness of the time money market.

Trade with first hands in dry goods is fair, while jobbing trade expands most rapidly, and retail trade is still engaged in digesting the remnants of summer business.

The railroad situation is improving and idle cars are disappearing on the western lines as the winter wheat movement enlarges. Industries are active, iron and steel leading, with railroads reported buying freely of rails, cars and locomotives.

There is increasing evidences of growing scarcity of help in some sections, notably the coke regions, from which emigration was heavy during the depression.

Collections show a little improvement, but as yet do not reflect the influence of the new crop marketing, possibly because of the farmers being busily engaged. Building is active and trades catering to this line note rather more doing.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending with August 12 were 219 against 184 last week, 249 in the like week of 1908, 146 in 1907, 143 in 1906 and 147 in 1905. Business failures in Canada for the week number 24, against 27 last week and 31 last year.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., August 17.—With cables weak and weather more favorable in the northwest, wheat opened easier. After a brief period of infirmity, the market began to climb and by 10 a. m. much of the loss had been regained. On the whole, the situation early in the day could be described as tired. Receipts in Toledo were 80 cars. As has been the case since the inception of the new crop movement, quality was unusually poor. Weather predictions indicated generally fair weather in most of the grain producing areas.

Cash opened ½c off at $1.08¼, September ¼c up at $1.09, December ⅝c down at $1.08¼ and May ¼c easier at $1.10½. About ½c was gained in all options up till the middle of the forenoon.

Reports from Kansas and other states on the weather situation were conflicting. Late in the day December and May wheat was bid up to a strong position compared with the other options. Cash closed ¼c off at $1.08¼, September ¼c down at $1.09½, December ½c up at $1.08¾, and May ½c higher at $1.10⅞. Liverpool closed ½c to ⅞d lower.

Reports of rains in the central west caused corn to open steady to a shade weaker. It is believed much of the damage has been discounted by recent advances. September opened ½c higher at 70½c, December steady at 57¾c and May unchanged at 58¼c.

Rain reports from the west weakened corn somewhat. Closing corn prices: Cash 71¾c, September 69¾c, December 57c, May 58c.

Oats followed corn, though the market was rather featureless. Toledo received 40 cars, most of which was standard. September opened with a loss of ¾c at 40¾c, December unchanged at 41c and May ¼c up at 42¾c.

Closing oats prices were: Cash 40c, September 40¾c, December 40¾c, May 42¾c.

Following a slight bulge in clover at the outset, the market settled back to the level of yesterday's close at 10 o'clock.

The slump in clover seed continued, cash closing 10c down at $7.00, October 5c easier at $7.57½, December and May ½c off at $7.50.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Aug.17.	Close Aug.16
Cash	1.08¼	1.08¾		1.08¼	1.08¾
Sept	1.09	1.09⅝	1.08¾	1.09¼	1.08⅝
Dec	1.08¾	1.08⅝	1.08	1.08¾	1.08⅝
May	1.10¼	....	1.10¼	1.10⅞	1.10⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	71½	71½
Sept	70¼	70	....	69¾	70
Dec	57¾	....	....	57	57¾
May	58¼	....	....	58	58¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	40	40
Sept	40¼	40½	....	40¼	41¼
Dec	41	....	40¾	40¾	41
May	42¾	....	42¾	42¾	42½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	7.10	....	....	7.00	7.10
Oct	7.65	....	....	7.57½	7.62½
Dec	7.60	....	....	7.50	7.57½
May	7.57½	....	....	7.50	7.57½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	69	69
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.85	1.85
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.60	7.60

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept	99⅝	1.00¼	99¼	99⅝	99⅝
Dec	96¼	97⅜	....	96⅝	96½
May	99⅞	1.00¼	99⅝	1.00⅛	1.00
Corn—					
Sept	66¼	....	65⅜	65⅝	66¼
Dec	56	56¼	55¼	55½	56½
May	57	57⅛	56¼	56½	57¼
Oats—					
Sept	38⅝	38⅝	39¼	38¼	38⅝
Dec	38¼	....	37⅜	37⅝	38¼
May	40¼	40⅝	40¼	40⅝	40⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.07⅝	....	....	1.08¼	1.08
Corn—					
Sept	74¾	....	....	73¾	74¾

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	99¾	1.00	....	99½	99⅞
Dec	97⅜	....	....	97⅝	97½

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	99¾	99¾
Dec	.